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THE CHRISTIAN REFORMER.

No. CIX.]

JANUARY, 1854.

[VOL. X.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY CONDUCTED ON FALSE
GROUNDS.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

LAST week I paid a visit to a clever, intriguing, most Mephistophiles-looking priest, though as to his looks such a man might have been found in any denomination of Christians. I only state the fact—he *was* Mephistophiles-looking; and the sinister cast of his eye has often occasioned me many uncomfortable sensations. To his other titles Dr. Giuseppe adds that of Canon—nay, Vicar to boot—rejoices in red stockings and a red band round his hat—hopes, I rather think, to be a Bishop “quando Dio vuole”—and meantime, with the power of the police in his hands, and the power of something not much worse in his eye, rules and terrorizes his little parish in a most laudable manner. I was accompanied in my visit by a friend who had lately abjured the errors of the English Church, and “sought for comfort and repose in the bosom of the venerable Roman Catholic Church.” Truth to say, I had induced my friend to call with me, that I might offer him as a sop to Cerberus,—a line of policy which I hesitated not to carry out on being introduced into the “presence.” “Bacio le mani, Signore Prete,” I began. “Servo suo,” was the reply. “I beg to present a friend,” I hurried on, “who has lately joined your Church.” “Tanto contento, tanto contento,” was the answer, and Mephistophiles smiled grimly. I had thus accomplished my object, as I thought, and hoped, like modest, unassuming merit, to remain in quiet in the shade, whilst my friend enjoyed the full blaze of approbation which was reflected from the Vicar’s face. But man proposes and God disposes: it was not to be so. “I have lately met,” said the Vicar, “with a very interesting and unanswerable work on the Roman Catholic controversy, which I should be glad to put into your hands.” “What is it, pray?” “The Letters of William Cobbett.” I thanked him, and, taking possession of it, found that the good old radical reformer, the great defender of mental liberty, was exhibited to the world not merely as the enemy of the English Church, but by implication and inference as the great friend of the Roman Catholic. “Considerations and Documents,” says the title-page, “arising from the Letters of William

Cobbett, as to the true Reasons why Protestantism is supported in England. Translated from the English by Cavalier Stefano Dufrene, Pontifical Vice-Consul at Pozzuoli. 1853." "There, Sir, do me the favour to read that;" and then, lifting his eye from off me, he moved it as by a swivel round the room, and looked, though he did not say so, "I have settled him, methinks. Here, Sacristano, make ready for the baptism!"

I have read the book, and find that for every enormity recounted there, its fellow in stronger colours might be found in the Mother Church, especially as regards those recipients of the Holy Spirit called the clergy. Excepting, therefore, its manifest inconsistencies and foundationless assumptions, which are ruinous to the English Church in the controversy, the Letters of William Cobbett lay bare nothing more nor less than what may be affiliated upon both mother and daughter. The work, however, is here deemed conclusive against all creeds, existing or possible; and on my walk home I asked myself again and again why it should be so. The reason appears to me obvious—that the real antagonism of Roman Catholicism is not perceived, or is blinked at; the discussion is taken up as between this or that system of theological dogmas, and not as between certain first principles which are anterior to such dogmas—I mean authority and the duty of mental submission on the one hand, and freedom of inquiry and the right of private judgment on the other. It is possible that, following out such principles, men may believe either in the Unity or the Trinity, the divinity of the Madonna or the intercession of Saints. These are not the questions really involved in the Roman Catholic controversy, and no one who understands it would ever introduce them; the real antagonism is between Authority or Freedom of Inquiry, mental servitude or mental independence. Is a man to bow down to Tradition, to the decisions of Popes or Councils, or both united, or is he to search the Scriptures and be fully persuaded in his own mind? That the great practical error which I have adverted to should be committed, is perhaps perfectly natural: never had the Church of Rome so dangerous an enemy as the Church of England, and hence all her thunders have been directed, in England at least, against the English Church; whilst the Nonconformist, the stripling David with his sling, is either overlooked or despised by the towering, gigantic Goliath. Equally wrong in principle, however, both mother and daughter;—her consistency, her system, her order, will secure to the former yet many years of existence; whilst the latter, from the very want of those qualities, will die a premature death, giving birth to many sickly offspring, who will place themselves under the protection of their grandmother. I am confirmed in my views by what I see passing daily around me. Naples and the coasts of its lovely bay are crowded with English Catholics; into whatever church you enter,

you may see a countryman grimacing and crossing and genuflecting, to the edification of the vacant peasant, but to the wonder of many a thinking Italian, who prays for deliverance from his bondage. "Nonsense! he can't believe in this Church," said an Italian to me of a friend; "he, brought up in the land of Liberty!" Poor fellow! thought I; he knows from unhappy experience what is the real antagonism of the Roman Catholic Church; he knows too well how this authority throws its evils around individuals and peoples, and licks them into what it calls uniformity, but what is in these lands mental and moral corruption and debasement. The change, however, which the Englishman has made is much more easy and natural than the Italian supposes. He has been brought up in a Church which acts as having authority both spiritual and temporal, and yet knows not on what to rest it—which is divided against itself—which is full of confusion as regards its creeds and ceremonials—which cannot satisfy either the bold inquiring or the indolent mind, the man who asks for reasons or him who prays for repose. What alternative has he but to throw himself into the open arms of the Holy, Venerable, Roman Catholic Apostolic Church? "True, there are some obscure people who talk of mental emancipation and the right of private judgment; but then 'those whitewashed artificers of schism' mean the right of private judgment for themselves and not for others,—liberty to differ from or subvert the Church of England, and set up creeds and forge chains on their own account. As well or better remain where I am, and support inconsistency connected with the National Church, than with the Baptist or the Independent. Then, too, a man would lose grade by joining in with the lowest stratum of the middle classes; and those barn-like buildings, and that simple and bare and naked worship, shock the taste, and damp the feelings, and deaden the imagination. No, I can never join the ranks of Dissent, and yet what is to be done?" It is in this moment of dread uncertainty and doubt that the venerable Roman Catholic Church is seen approaching through the mists of a remote antiquity; every circumstance connected with her serves to dazzle the imagination and to gratify the senses. There is a poetry in the vastness and indistinctness of her proportions; golden censers throw around them their sweet and oppressive odours; music, with its most delicious tones, lulls the soul. There is an order in the minutest details wonderful and beautiful to survey; nothing is forgotten—everything is provided for. She asserts her authority broadly, plainly,—and supports it by tradition and the assent of centuries and the grandeur of her appearance, and addresses you, "Believe in me and thou shalt be saved"—"Come unto me, all ye who are heavy laden," monthly, weekly, daily, and I will confess you and give you absolution. How beautiful is all the order and consistency and respectability of this Church! how consoling, too, its

assurances! And "the leap in the dark" is made,—as a pious friend, lately converted to Catholicism, called his change,—and the soul is lapped in ease. Is it surprising? Most of those who in England have recruited the Roman Catholic Church, have been members of the English Episcopal Church, and, as such, keenly alive to her false and groundless assumptions and to her inconsistencies. These they have simply sought to amend or supply, but the root of the question they have never inquired into—the antagonism of the Roman Catholic Church they never allude to. On this ground, however, we must do battle, if successfully, with the Roman Catholic Church. "Great hopes are entertained of your becoming a Roman Catholic," said a friend to me lately, "and incessant are the prayers offered up." "On what grounds has such an opinion been founded?" "On your being an Unitarian—extremes always meet." Whether this would be a general feeling I know not; but certain is it that the love of mental freedom which distinguishes the Unitarian, and which in the Englishman necessarily takes the direction of opposition to the National Church, is too often mistaken as a proof of attachment to the Roman Catholic Church. It is the only alternative, thinks the devoted son of Holy Mother. As recent converts are thus first mystified, and then deluded or persuaded into the folds of his Holiness, so the old stagers, the descendants of the apostles, think in the same direction, and use a similar line of argument. I have told the story elsewhere that I was once travelling in the north of Italy with a Portuguese nobleman, who introduced the subject of religion. We agreed to a nicety in speaking of the Church of England. "Oh, *che bella cosa!*"—here, then, at last he had met with an Englishman who was a "Christian." My friend took from his bosom a small picture on ivory. "Kiss it," said he. "What is it?" I asked. "The blessed Madonna." "I will kiss it as a pretty woman, but not as the Madonna." The terms were accepted and the operation performed. "You must come with me to the Bishop," said my fellow-traveller, as we stopped at the end of our journey. "I cannot; I am unwilling to create a false impression." Circumstances, however, led to my being presented to his Excellence, to my being blessed, and "*Te Deum laudamus-ed,*" and embraced and kissed, and accompanied to my hotel as something too rare and delicate to be exposed to the outward air; and all this was the consequence of my expressing my decided opposition to the Church of England. It is with the same feeling, no doubt, that the Letters of William Cobbett, which were put into my hands the other day, are translated and circulated widely: they are unanswerable; and beneath its blows, argumentatively speaking, the Church of England lies prostrate;—"therefore," says the Roman Catholic, "you must needs join our Church—there is no alternative." That such is the feeling entertained

and arguments adopted by most converts, and by the guardians of the Papal fold, as far as I have had any opportunity of observing, is indisputable. By many honestly—they do not see any alternative; by many from convenience—it is the shortest way of attaining their object, especially with those who have a leaning to tradition and authority; by others from design—it is the most plausible mode of winning souls to their Church.

This, however, brings me to the pith of my letter—the position which Unitarians should assume and occupy at this moment. It is a subject on which I speak with considerable hesitation, in consequence of a lengthened absence from my beloved fatherland; but there are elevations, perhaps, which those who are at a distance may ascend, and obtain not an inconsiderable prospect. For many years have I regretted the too sectarian title we have adopted, as it has appeared to me that for the sake of defending certain theological dogmata, which may or may not be true, and which if false, yet if sincerely believed, will entail no moral responsibility, we have sacrificed our usefulness as the advocates of eternal principles which are generally admitted, though rarely acted upon. In the actual position, however, of the religious world, there can be no hesitation as to the tactics to be adopted by the body who in England call themselves Unitarians. Instead of indulging exclusively in the comparison of MSS. and emendation of texts, and drawing fine distinctions between the Trinity and Unity, which in the minds of many are separated only by a refinement, their duty now is to take a prominent part as the defenders of religious liberty. Upon them it devolves to draw the line of demarcation strongly and deeply between the Church of Rome and themselves, the only real antagonism to that Church—between the principles of authority and mental bondage, and those of free inquiry and the right of private judgment. After these questions are graven in the public mind and passed into axioms, and men cease to believe because they ought to believe, it will be time to combat about more debateable points, should the spirit of the controversialist still predominate over the spirit of Christ. It is, however, from this practical assumption of infallibility, which exists not less in the Anglican Church and in the English Dissenter than it does in the Roman Church, that that bitter and narrow spirit of controversy, that unholy, unchristian spirit, proceeds. By maintaining, therefore, and placing on a solid basis those first principles of which the Unitarian is eminently the advocate, he serves not only the temporary purpose of weakening the defences of the Roman Church, but he does infinite service to the cause of Christian love. “See how they love!” might yet again, by some Pagan inquirer, be observed of those who, conscious of one another’s fallibility, were more intent on following out and living the spirit of Jesus, than in snarling over a text, as dogs over a bone, and winding up

their own impotent efforts to harm their equally presumptuous antagonists, by borrowing weapons from the Almighty and hurling them into "torture without end"!

Whilst, then, in these momentous times Unitarians, as the sole and exclusive advocates of free inquiry and the right of private judgment, occupy so important a position, let them beware that they have none of the old leaven amongst themselves. I have met with some who will admit the exercise of these principles *up to a certain point*. There shall be liberty within such and such bounds; you may walk in this vast, airy prison-yard, but dare not assail those iron bars and doors and grim turnkeys who surround you! For myself, if a principle be true, it must be carried out to its extremest extremity, without any regard to consequences, leaving the vast chain of events, as it loses itself in the obscurity of the far-distant future, to the care of Him who is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of all things. Another caution, too, appears to me sometimes to be needed—that Unitarians should be careful to keep themselves pure and undefiled from the controversial world. They can have no art or part with it. It has often happened that they have united with the Dissenters against Churchmen, and lately with Churchmen against Roman Catholics. Yes, our services, when needed, are accepted or invited, on the same ground that the lion called in the beasts to hunt. Such blandishments the lion lavishes during the pursuit! We see only the smiles and the velvet paw—the teeth and the claws are all concealed; but the game is run down, and then the lion becomes every inch a lion, and exchanges his smiles for growls. Not, however, that we fear them; but whilst the lion takes the honours of the hunt and strengthens his position, we lose in the same proportion. Rather let us hunt and combat upon our own grounds; rather let it be said that it is through the force of our own peculiar weapons that error totters and falls. We shall gain much by maintaining the distinctiveness of our principles and our party. First, in consistency; for what harmony can there be between us and the beast who alternately smooths us with the velvet and rends us with the claws of his paw? Secondly, in strength: we thus make ourselves a body, instead of suffering ourselves to be dissolved and absorbed by foreign substances. Thirdly, in prestige and a really philosophical and Christian spirit. By uniting with others in any of the great polemical controversies of the day, we are compelled to fight with their sullied weapons and on their narrow grounds. With the Churchman against the Roman Catholic, it is mammon against mammon, ambition against ambition, their authority against their antagonists' authority. With Dissenter against the Churchman, it is surplice or no surplice, candle or no candle, a congregation of despots or a well-ordered, educated, respectable body of despots. How much do

we lose by the association! How much higher the ground which of right belongs to us! It is not against this or that church, this or that ambition or authority, we have to contend, but against vicious principles which are the origin of all these evils,—authority, spiritual and mental domination. Accepting, therefore, and keeping our isolated position as the best mode of maintaining our consistency, adding to our strength and our Christian spirit, our great effort should be to establish on a firm and unshaken basis the everlasting rights of the human mind. “Call no man Master but one.” “Who art thou that judgest another?” “Be fully persuaded in your own mind.”

On reviewing what I have written, I fear that by some in England I may be thought to have exaggerated the case I have been trying to make out in this letter, that Roman Catholicism, or, in other words, a belief in the principle of Authority, is on the increase; that this arises from the real antagonism of authority not being sufficiently brought before the public, and the controversy being conducted on false grounds; and that, as a corollary, Unitarians are the only antagonists of that Church and that principle. It is, however, difficult to be blind to facts—to the fall of friends daily by one’s side, who understand as little about the argument, as I do of the liquefaction of the blood of San. Gennaro—to the pæans of priests and the sneers of the laity, who rejoice that other foxes have not only lost, but cut off their tails—to the “leaps in the dark” that are daily taken and defended, only to be equalled by shutting oneself up in a dark cellar and praying for a light which just makes darkness visible—to the sentimentalism that is lisped about music and poetry and incense and feelings—to the horrors of that system to which all this is leading—the mental slavery and political slavery, the invariable consequence, when it can safely be carried out—to the moral laxity which necessarily follows from this mental inactivity and servitude—and to that vast mass of corruption, degradation and misery which now is the distinguishing feature in this one of the loveliest lands under God’s sun. “A pretty list to allure the English middle classes or the Lancashire working men! Almost as charmingly suited to England as the present free, industrious, enlightened and moral state of that Eternal City which has been blest with the visible presence and peculiar rule, temporal as well as spiritual too, of your Dalai Lama. His pills do not seem to have had much good effect there. . . . Till he can shew us a little better specimen of the kingdom of heaven, organized and realized on earth in the country which does belong to him, soil and people, body and soul, we must decline his assistance in realizing that kingdom in countries which do not belong to him.” This is the language of a clever modern writer, than in whose words I could not better describe the feeling which I have after a long residence in Italy. If it be exag-

gerated, I regret it; but if not, every lover of mental liberty is called upon to defend the rights of the human mind, remembering that in the argument it is not against the creed of the Roman Catholic that one combats, so much as against the authority by which that creed is enforced.

Naples.

H. W.

THE RELIGION OF THE HEART.*

"WE have a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt," such as Mr. Macaulay avowed in these words (in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1841) when noticing Mr. Hunt's edition of Wycherley and the contemporary Dramatists, and estimating his general literary merits. When the present volume was announced as in preparation (with an addition that does not now appear on the title-page, to the effect that it was designed "for the use of those who do not connect themselves with any visible church"), we anticipated a rich contribution to the stores of natural devotion, if not largely original, yet at least presenting a tasteful collection of all the best devotional pieces, in prose or poetry or both, that our language possesses, undeformed by the specialties of dogmatic creeds. And if from such a collection, with such a title and object, we expected, of course, to find also excluded all allusions pointedly implying the history of revealed religion, we still felt that such omissions would not disqualify it for our Christian and loving use, while we were not shut out from directly Christian psalmists and teachers also. A book of the kind we now describe, presenting "the heart's religion" in the most comprehensive, enlightened and elevated forms of Meditation, Resolution, Song and Prayer, in which it has been expressed at the suggestion of the works of Nature and the great experiences of Life,—whether by men whose religious opinions admit no other outward sources of divine knowledge and hope; or by those who, recognizing Revelation also as their source, see their applications and their suggestives in the all-constant universe and our all-varied life; or even by those who, out of the narrowest technicalities of an unscientific and unhappy theological system, have sometimes emerged on wings of poetry and love, to see the same divine things of our life and our world with scarcely different eyes from the rest;—such a book, collected from such various sources, would have been a great religious blessing, and a grand illustration indeed of the Religion of the Heart, as the true goal of all rational theological convictions, and as prevailing often even over those that seem adverse.

* *The Religion of the Heart. A Manual of Faith and Duty.* By Leigh Hunt. 12mo. Pp. 259. Chapman. 1853.

Such a book we looked for ; and we believed Mr. Hunt could produce its materials from the stores of his very various reading, that he could select and arrange them with sufficient taste, and that in their combination he would find exercise for his graceful fancy, and insure to his readers the benefit of a cheerful, hoping and healthy spirit throughout.

Such a book is not, however, the one before us. We must therefore (after thus expressing our disappointment) examine it on its own pretensions and merits, and not by our regrets, and try to be impartial notwithstanding.

The book appears, by the Preface, to be not intirely new, but enlarged nearly four-fold, and re-cast upon the idea of one written nearly thirty years ago and printed for private circulation ten years afterwards, intituled, "Christianism ; or Belief and Unbelief Reconciled." The Preface explains that "a new title has been given it, not from diminution of reverence for the great name connected with the former one (far be any such suspicion), but because the worship of great names is too apt to be substituted for the observance of the duties which they illustrated, and because a due amount of association with the reverence was to be inculcated towards every great and loving teacher whom the world has beheld, and for the God-given scripture in his heart." A sufficient reason certainly why the book should never have been called Christianism (though implying by that new terminal that it did not mean to be deemed exactly Christianity) ; for this was an implied distinction above those other "great and loving teachers" who rank in it on a perfect level with Jesus Christ in grotesque if not irreverent series, including Moses, Socrates, Confucius, Epictetus, Antoninus, Whichcote and the other "Latitudinarian" divines, Shaftesbury, Emerson, George Combe, Carlyle, Jean Paul Richter and Professor Nichol, with many more. But the second title of the original book, "Belief and Unbelief Reconciled," is far more aptly descriptive of its purpose and suggestive of its contents than the new title, "The Religion of the Heart," or even the new addition, "A Manual of Faith and Duty." For the book is far more didactic than devotional. We must understand the religion of the heart to consist in convictions, meditations and resolutions of duty, almost to the exclusion of emotional religion, and marked by the unexplained but scrupulous omission of all direct address to "the Great Beneficence (by which noblest of his names," says the writer, "it is comfortable to call him, since it has never been abused)." Truly our religion should always prominently include duty as its fulfilment ; and it is a sad perversion of language and thought (and often of conduct) to separate piety from duty ; but we are not prepared to find the religion of the heart scarcely recognizing the direct offices, nor cherishing the sentiments, of worship.

The contents of the book are somewhat multifarious, and seem

to want a more visible bond of connection to make them subserve one distinct purpose ; but among them are fragments of thought and sentiment in Mr. Hunt's best style.

After a short section, intitled " Its Creed and Hopes,"—maintaining the innate religiousness of the human heart and avowing the simple but firm creed of Natural Theism, a high faith in human improbability and the earnest hope of immortality,—we have a " Daily Service," consisting of four aspirations, to be spoken in the morning on rising, at noon, in the evening, and at bed-time. We give them in full, as the best explanation of Mr. Hunt's idea of a ritual for religionists like himself ; only observing that, if they are meant to reprove by contrast the creed-technicality of certain Christian rituals for public service, they in their turn present the idea of formalism almost Mahometan to the spiritual-minded Christian, whose private morning and evening prayer, whether in words or thought only, may be varied as his days, and whose conscience seeks God in every difficulty or temptation, whether before or after the precise hour of noon. This " Daily Service" would soon, we fear, become a formality in the scrupulous use of it. Nor do we thoroughly admire it in itself as an occasional office. Its numerical divisions are very odd, if we may not say affected.

"DAILY SERVICE.

ASPIRATION IN THE MORNING.

WHEN the hour has arrived in the morning, at which the reader thinks it right for him (or her) to get up, he will repeat mentally and with his greatest attention (or aloud, if a companion is agreed with him in so doing) the following words. In the latter case, the personal pronoun singular will be changed for the plural.

1. In the name of the Great Beneficence, to whom be all reverence, with a filial trust.
2. My first duty this day is to delay, or slur over, nothing which I am bound in conscience to perform.
3. The hour has come, at which it is therefore time for me to rise.
4. Thou, O my heart, biddest me rise, for the sake of others as well as myself.
5. Because on thee the Divine Spirit has written the laws, which love teaches knowledge to read :
6. And because they tell me, that duty must be done, and that affection must be earned by good offices.
7. May I discharge, throughout the day, every other such duty as conscience enjoins me :
8. Beginning the day with a kind voice to others ;
9. And ending it with no reproach to myself.

"ASPIRATION AT NOON.

(To be repeated as the foregoing, and as near to the hour of noon as possible.)

1. Blessed be God : blessed be his Beneficence, working towards its purposes in the noon.

2. It is good for me, whether unoccupied or busy, to withdraw my thoughts awhile into a sense of my duties towards God and man; towards the appreciation of the Good and Beautiful in his universe, and the diffusion of their blessings among his creatures.

3. The sun, glorious when the sky is clear, glorious also, for it gives light, when the sky is clouded, is the mightiest, and at the same time the most beneficent, of all his visible creatures in this our sphere:

4. And yet it is but one of an innumerable starry brotherhood:

5. What a proclamation of the nature of Himself!

6. May exalting and humanizing thoughts for ever accompany me, making me confident without pride, and modest without servility.

7. Perhaps my dearest friend is now thinking of me:

8. Perhaps more than one of my dear friends and kindred.

9. May I ever be such as generous affection would have me;

10. And may strength and happiness be theirs.

“ASPIRATION IN THE EVENING.

(To be repeated at Dusk.)

1. Blessed be God: blessed be his Beneficence, working towards its purposes in the evening.

2. The portion of the globe on which I live is rolling into darkness from the face of the sun.

3. Softly and silently it goes, with whatever swiftmess.

4. Soft and silent are the habitual movements of Nature;

5. Loudly and violently as its beneficence may work, within small limits and in rare instances.

6. Let me imitate the serene habit;

7. And not take on my limited foresight the privilege of the stormy exception.

8. May I contribute what I can, this evening, to the peace and happiness of the house in which I live;

9. Or of the fellow-creatures, anywhere, among whom I may find myself.

“ASPIRATION AT BED-TIME.

(To be repeated as the foregoing.)

1. Blessed be God: blessed be his Beneficence, which neither sees wisdom in haste, nor has need of rest.

2. If I have done any wrong to-day, or fear so;

3. Or if I have left any duty undone, as far as I could perform it;

4. Let me not fail to make amends to-morrow.

5. Let me not have to repeat this wish to-morrow night.

6. May M. have a happy sleep:

7. May N.:

8. May all whom I love:

9. May all who are to sleep this night.

10. I hope grief and pain will find respite;

11. And wakefulness discover its cure.

12. Gentle and good is darkness:

13. Beautiful with stars;

14. Or working to some benefit of a different aspect, with clouds.
15. God's ordinance of the rolling world takes away the light at bedtime, like a parent;
16. Shall I not sleep calmly under its shadow?
17. May I drop as calmly into the sleep of death;
18. And wake to an eternal morning."—Pp. 8—11.

A weekly service, for social use on Sunday mornings, follows, designed evidently for use in some visible church or other,—“the Church of the Future” Mr. Hunt calls it once or twice. Soft music on the organ or seraphim is to be followed (on exhortation by the *Reader*) by “silent reflections” prepared in this ritual, and these by a liturgy recited alternately by the *Reader* and the congregation. This liturgy is as follows. Its perusal will illustrate what we have said of the prevalence of the didactic to the suppression of the emotional and the exclusion of all direct address. Is this “liturgy” designed as an act of worship, or as a creed? And how irresponsible are the responses! What can be the purpose of the mere alternate reading of clauses in a continuous sentence? We give it as we find it, for our readers’ solution.

“LITURGY.

Reader. The heart bids us adore the great and serene Mystery of the Universe;

Congregation. The calmness and the goodness of God:

R. Constant as the heavens above the clouds;

C. Yet working in them, and beneath them, for the hopes of earth:

R. Who, far as telescope can discern, has sown the gulfs of space with planets as with seed-pearl:

C. And yet is not more present in the remotest of them than he is in our own planet, which is one of his pearls also:

R. Inciting us to advance in knowledge and goodness;

C. Through troubles which are not all trouble;

R. But sweetness also of joy;

C. And provers of affection;

R. Giving also termination to trouble;

C. But no end to the hope of joys to come:

R. Who being therefore good in the evils which we understand,

C. Is to be held equally so in those which are obscure to us;

R. Like the good and wise parents, whom their children sometimes misconstrue;

C. But who are loved by them more and more, as they grow up in wisdom themselves:

R. Encouraging us nevertheless, for our growth in strength and worthiness, to assist in doing evils away;

C. Especially those of the poor and misled;

R. And of all wants whatsoever, both of body and soul;

C. As from time to time is done, in the course of the progress which he has ordained;

R. The human creature learning to know and to respect, more and more, the frame which his soul inhabits.

- C. And the beautiful region of the universe, in which it is sojourning;
- R. Worthy of study for its wonders;
- C. And of admiration for its beauties;
- R. And of respect for its patience and its endeavours;
- C. And of love for its affections;
- R. And of its place among the stars for its hopes:
- C. Giving us to see vast evidences of space and time, and starry habitations;
- R. With suns nobler and nobler, and like centres for other suns;
- C. As if to encourage our hearts and our understandings, onwards, and for ever."—Pp. 14—16.

The reader then exhorts the congregation to "enumerate the duties which the hearts of the wisest servants of God, by their efforts from age to age, have enabled us to read in our own." Among these the Constitution-of-Man duties and those of the sanitary class hold a more prominent place than in most codes of morals; but we are not prepared to say a place disproportionate to their importance, though the whole enumeration does seem somewhat formal and uninspiring, and scarcely rises to the sentiment of devotion.

A discourse, "original or select, written or extempore, on a subject accordant with the principles of the religion," is to follow, and then "a hymn, if convenient," or else "music alone." And then it is curiously but rigidly provided in the *Rubric*, that

"There is no other service all day, not even of the customary week-day Aspirations. The whole remainder of the time is given up, though in accordance with the spirit of the Rules, to the most thorough rest and recreation, particularly in the enjoyment of the works of Nature and Art; and as the Service itself aspires towards the source of those works, the great First Cause of all that is Good and Beautiful, the entire day is considered a Practical Thanksgiving on all these accounts." P. 20.

Some occasional "benedictions and aspirations" conclude this part of the volume.

The next part, intitled "Exercises of the Heart in its Duties and Aspirations," contains thirty little sections, of various merit and interest, on very various topics, unaccompanied by any explanation of their designed use. We presume they are for private reading and thought. Some of these shall speak for themselves, and then we may express our opinion upon their respective merits. The following three are successive in the volume:

"OF TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.

Be not dismayed at the revelations of telescope and microscope; for magnitude implies nothing hostile, and death has the same reconcilments in least as in greatest. You yourself are an immeasurable giant, a spectacle for a telescope, compared with creatures, myriads of whose shells go to make up a particle of slate; and you yourself, harmless as you otherwise may be, and benevolent as you know yourself to be, are the cause of the deaths of innocent creatures in stream and meadow, in

vegetables and in the air, who pass healthy, and therefore, it is to be presumed, happy lives, and whose deaths are brief.

In the present state of things, without death life could not be renovated, and hope of still better life could not exist. Let us prepare ourselves by thinking and doing our best in this life, to enter worthily on the noblest possibilities of another.

“OF SPIRITS AND THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

Be on your guard against those who, because science and experiment are admirable things, and appear to be the only means of ascertaining material truths, would fain do injustice to science itself, and conclude that nothing can exist which is not proveable by the senses. Perception is a mystery explainable by no modes of sensation. Science itself has discovered that there are things which we cannot see, which we know only in combination. Analogy opens to us an endless world. We reasonably conclude that one planet is inhabited as well as another. We know that every part of the world we live in is animated by other living beings. Are we to assert that fields of space are not as well filled? or that there are not modes of existence, even round about us, imperceptible to our species of eye-sight?

Surely love, and joy, and hope, and endeavour, and imagination, are not confined to us and to what resembles us. Surely there are myriads of beings everywhere inhabiting their respective spheres, both visible and invisible, all perhaps inspired with the same task of trying how far they can extend happiness. Some may have realized their heaven, and are resting. Some may be carrying it farther. Some may be helping ourselves, just as we help the bee, or the wounded bird: spirits perhaps of dear friends, who still pity our tears, who rejoice in our smiles, and whisper into our hearts a belief that they are present.

The heart bids us believe it possible; and Oh! whatever good thing the heart bids us believe, let us do our best to believe it; for God has put it there, and its goodness is his warrant for its being cherished.

He that does not make use of imagination and affection to help him to these thoughts, is as limited in the amount of his faculties, and perhaps as deficient in the appreciation of the very instruments of philosophy, as the bigot who sees no good in the progress of science, or in the refutation which it gives to assumptions.

Be it the ambition of those who know better, to improve and exalt their condition by the exercise of every faculty: and may all the beings, visible or invisible, who would extend the dominion of heaven, be conscious of the companions they have in their task.

“OF RELIGION.

Religion (*religio*—*religare*, to re-bind) is the re-binding of conscience with a belief in its divine origin.

Religion is as natural to man as his sight of the stars, and his sense of a power greater than his own.

But systems of religion vary with successive generations; and though it becomes all men to entertain a certain reverence for the past, and to regard its sufferings, and perhaps its mistakes, as having been good for the future, yet it is not in the nature of the feelings which God has given us, that any good heart, in proportion as it reflects on the subject, should be content with any system of religion inferior to its notions of what is best.

With no religion at all, men are in danger of falling into a mechanical dulness, or into preposterous self-worship, or into heart-hardening abandonment to the senses.

With a religion that is unworthy of them, they make God himself unworthy, and fill their belief with cruelty and melancholy, with dispute and scandal.

With a religion satisfactory to the heart, men love and do honour to God, make brothers of their fellow-creatures, are animated in their endeavours, comforted in their sufferings, and encouraged to hope everything from the future.

Religion is reverence without terror, and humility without meanness. It is a sense of the unknown world, without disparagement to the known; an admiration of the material beauties of the universe, without forgetfulness of the spiritual; an enhancement in both instances, of each by each.

Religion doubles every sense of duty, great and small; from that to the whole human race, down to manners towards individuals, and even to appearance in ourselves; from purity of heart to cleanliness of person.

But it does all without gloom or oppressiveness. It does not desire us to reflect in any painful manner or to any painful extent, unless some necessity for the good of others demand it; and then it would terminate the pain with the necessity.

The very uncertainties of a right religion are diviner than the supposed certainties of a wrong one; for its hopes for all are unmixed with terrible beliefs for any.

Religion, earthwards, begins with reverence to offspring before they are born; and heavenwards, it sees no more end to its hopes than to the number of the stars."—Pp. 73—78.

The first of these three Exercises seems to us miserably poor, on so exhaustless a subject, so full of scientific interest and religious suggestion. The second has truly "heart-religion" in it. And the third is thoughtful and wise, if we except a bad definition to begin with. How is religion "the re-binding of conscience with a belief in its divine origin"? What does this mean? Binding it to what? To the belief in its origin? Is not religion, etymologically, that binding, or re-binding, which we express by *ob-ligation*; the binding the conscience to the acts of duty, under a sense of the Power that made us for duty?

Another of these "Exercises" contains a deservedly severe judgment upon "Other-Worldliness:"

"Other-Worldliness is the piety of the worldly. It is the same desire for the advantages of the world to come, which the worldly-minded feel for those of the present; and it is manifested in the same way.

At the best it is self-seeking, without thought of others; at the worst, it is self-enjoyment at their expense.

The other-worldly are known by the dishonour which they do the Master to whose favour they aspire; by their adulation of his power, their meanness towards the poor, and their insensibility to the cruelties which they think he will wreak on those who offend him.

Yet nine-tenths of the pieties that exclusively pretend to the name,

are made up of selfishness of this kind; and their professors do not know it!"—Pp. 60, 61.

And the next following, "Of Tears and Laughter," is genial and excellent; true and loving and wise; worthy of a man to say, and worthy of human life to be.

"We must not call earth a vale of tears. It is neither pious to do so, nor in any respect proper. We might as well, nay, with far greater propriety, call it a field of laughter. For as there is more good than evil in the world, more action than passion, more health than disease, more life than death (life being a thing of years, but death of moments), so there is more comfort than discomfort, more pleasure than pain, and therefore more laughter than tears.

But as it would be a disrespect to sorrow to call earth a field of laughter, so it is a sullenness to joy, and an ingratitude to the goodness of God, to call it a vale of tears.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes. For as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

It becomes us, therefore, to receive both the gifts thankfully, and to hold ourselves, on fitting occasions, superior to neither. To be incapable of tears, would be to lose some of the sweetest emotions of humanity; and the proud or sullen fool who should never laugh, would but reduce himself below it."—Pp. 61, 62.

These "Exercises" are followed by a chapter on Punishments and one on Rewards, in the Constitution-of-Man style; very true and good, but more belonging to the morals of the head than to the religion of the heart. But, indeed, our author is not very exact in his metaphysical and moral nomenclature, as another passage will shew, in which (under a very wilful use of the term *Scriptures*) he seems to say that all philosophy may be referred to two kinds, material and moral; that the head has to do with *material* philosophy, and that alone, and the heart with morals. What, then, is to become of all the science of mental philosophy? Is it materialistic? Is it not for the head? And is there not a *science* of morals too, which needs head to understand as well as heart to feel?

"Now there are only two kinds of Scripture, of the divine authority of which a man can be certain; one, that which brings us scientific truth, or demonstrable material fact, to which the head, that is to say, the knowledge, can make no objection; and the other, that which brings us moral and religious truth, or demonstrable spiritual fact, to which the heart, that is to say, the wisdom, can make no objection. The proof of the one needs no description. The proof of the other is its accordance with every wish of goodness, and consequently, its freedom from every defect and contradiction, which the heart, the judge of goodness, can object to its claims. Material truth, as an object to be ascertained, has no connexion with moral; and moral truth, to the like purpose, has no

connexion with material. Each holds and completes its independent ground of evidence, by integrities demonstrable to distinct faculties; though neither can be turned to its best account but by the junction of both."—Pp. 111, 112.

We have now, in this last quotation, entered the last division of the book, which occupies one line in the table of contents, but fills more than half the volume itself, and is intitled, "The only final Scriptures, their Test and Teachers." This is, in fact, the most interesting part of the book, being the author's suggestions for the choice of proper sermons or discourses for the weekly service. It is the preacher's directory to "the heart of wisdom" of all times, as written in "the only true and final Scriptures." Theologians have had critical difficulty in settling their *canon* of Scripture. Mr. Hunt has done with his.

"For the word Scripture, in the sense to which it has been confined, means writing possessed of divine authority; and as it is of the last importance to mankind, that nothing should be considered divinely authorized which goes counter to the first principles of good and true, all Scriptures, on the one hand, the more they lay claim to the distinction, demand the more distinct separation of their authorized from their unauthorized passages; and all Scriptures, on the other hand, which are found to be so authorized, whether in books previously considered divine or not, are to be looked upon as the only true and Final Scriptures, and such as are entitled to command obedience."—P. 111.

The books first passed in review by him are those of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures; his criticisms upon which, we can only say, are the most commonplace iterations of vulgar doubt, such as irrational orthodoxy and bibliolatry give occasion for and scepticism exults in; but criticisms that any man of literary knowledge and fair common sense should be ashamed of; implying that the Scriptures are supernatural even in all their human attributes, yet judging their supposed supernatural qualities by human standards. Now this is not fair. The orthodox man, who makes them unnatural and irrational, lays down nature and reason in the dust before them; but he who asserts nature and reason against them, should be content to find nature, whether reasonable or unreasonable, *in* them when he can, and to explain and, if necessary, apologize for it accordingly. We quote but one passage to shew the injustice with which the Christian religion is treated by Mr. Hunt, who makes no distinction between the Scriptures and Calvin's Institutes. He ought to know better. Did he not once edit (till it expired under his hands) a journal which had, some few years previously, been the organ of Unitarian Christianity? Did he never read any of its back volumes? He knows quite well that Christianity, wisely interpreted, is not identical with Calvinism. Yet he can write thus:

"We are taught to consider God as a father, and therefore to be of opinion that he can have no qualities which can be ascribed to him while

we call him father, and yet be such as are wholly abhorrent from those which we love and esteem in a father; otherwise the word has no meaning; and those only mock us who bid us use it. Now the New Testament bids us call God father, yet tells us, or seems to tell us, that if his children disobey him, he will everlastingly burn them; will take them, as a father might take his children in a room with a fire in it, and hold them in the fire for ever. The thing is so absurd as well as monstrous, that one is astonished how anybody, even out of a good intention, could ever have threatened it. But place it side by side with the paternal benevolence—interweave it with one of the child's loving and trusting speeches to the father, the Lord's Prayer for instance, and see how it looks then.

Our Father which art in heaven, and which eternally burnest the children who disobey thee, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, where we shall be as happy as we shall know the others to be frantic with misery. Thy will be done on earth, where thou biddest everybody to have pity, as it is in heaven, where thy saints behold Dives burning, and have no pity.—

But we desist; for our congregation do not need it, and we would not unnecessarily hurt the feelings of listeners at the door. So strange are the kind of hurts done to the 'feelings' by superstition, shocked by the vindication of benevolence itself, and by proofs of its incompatibility with unmercifulness!

Compare, however, these two scriptures (in pursuance of the necessities of our topic), and say, which is the false and perishing scripture, and which the true and abiding,—the fatherly, or the unfatherly."—Pp. 130, 131.

We must, however, add that Mr. Hunt expresses a high admiration for the character of Jesus, and perceives the great superiority of the Christian Scriptures to the Jewish.

This part of the book contains a large number of curious and interesting extracts from the "great and loving teachers" already referred to, which are highly valuable in themselves, and only brought into conflict with good taste by their grouping.

The "Latitudinarian divines" are truly estimated; and Unitarians are at once complimented and misrepresented in the jumble that follows:

"By the side of a good Roman Catholic and his book, we are happy to put the reader in company with a good Protestant and *his* book—the APHORISMS OF WHICHCOTE,—a preacher who was one of a set of English Divines called Latitudinarians by the bigoted, because they understood Christian freedom and charity better than their opponents. Of such were Cudworth, Henry More, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Rundle, Hoadley, and others; and in later times such other teachers of practical morality as Blair and Sidney Smith, two very different men as regards power, but alike bringing religion to bear upon daily life, the latter (in his maturer sermons) with a sense and judgment which, not very wisely, have been thought surprising in a wit; for wit of the highest kind is but the gaiety of judgment, though sometimes, as in his instance, it can temperately enhance also the impressions of its gravity. There are some good sermons in the works of Sterne; and from the writings of all these men, Discourses may be gathered for the Weekly Services of this book;

though it will be necessary, even in them, to avoid controversial points, and the intimation of beliefs not professed. This is the great drawback from the use of sermons in general, not excepting those of beautiful Jeremy Taylor. They have three faults, which obstruct their utility as books in ordinary, and which will ultimately destroy them. One is their perpetual reference to authorities which are more and more disputed; another, their taking persons for holy and sacred, merely because they figure in a particular book, to the confusion of all final right and wrong (as in the cases of David and others); and last, and greatest, their threats of divine wraths, and infernal and eternal punishments, wholly at variance with their preachings of a God of Love, with the creation of beings who were not their own makers, and with the sense of justice and of benevolence which the Creator has implanted in their hearts. These perpetually-recurring contradictions have an unnatural and odious effect, which becomes the more intolerable in proportion to the sweetness that sometimes accompanies them (as in Taylor particularly); and they can only terminate in destroying both themselves, and the books which contain them. The best as well as most thoroughly readable sermons, after all, and speculative religious books, both in the pious as well as practical point of view, are those that have been written in our own day by the latest Unitarians, and Spiritualists, and Seceders from the Established Church,—by such men as Channing and Dewey, Foxtou and Newman, Parker, Martineau, Hennel and Fox. Channing and Dewey are full of a reasonable and reflecting goodness. Foxtou and Newman, besides being admirably clear and discerning writers, are men who have proved themselves to possess the spirit of martyrs; preferers of truth and conscience to all things. Parker, another breaker up of what Coleridge happily termed Bibliolatry, or worship of the letter of the Bible, is full of the poetry of religion; Martineau equally so, with a closer style and incessant eloquence of expression, perhaps a perilous superabundance of it as regards the claims of matter over manner; and his assumptions of perfection in the character of Jesus are so reiterated and peremptory, that in a man of less evident heart and goodness, they might almost look like a very unction of insincerity or of policy,—of doubt forcing itself to seem undoubting. But many of his sermons are lovely. Fox, besides the admirable sermons which he has written in former days, full of sense and eloquence, lately gave the world a volume on the *Religious Ideas*, which is a sort of perfection in its way for the same qualities, and will supply our friends with a further set of Discourses, thoroughly to their purpose; and Hennel's *Christian Theism* is one long beautiful Discourse, proclaiming the great Bible of Creation, and reconciling Pagan and Christian philosophy. It would divide into three or four sermons."—Pp. 176—179.

There are some fine quotations from Whichcote's Aphorisms, followed by discourses on Physiology from George Combe; and then, we are told in the *Rubric*, "next to securing health of body and mind, is the knowledge of duty itself, and of the enjoyments which it sanctions; in other words, the sense of the Good and Beautiful." So Emerson is brought in, with two passages on Nature and Art, "one of which is long enough for a weekly discourse;" in the midst of which, however, Emerson

is well reprov'd by Mr. Hunt for his silly expression that "man is fallen,"—silly indeed in Emerson's mouth.

"Fallen from what? or from what sort of design on the part of his Maker? We must not say that God made anything to fall. Is he an artist whose models are to tumble to pieces? whose pictures are to be wiped out and repainted? Man was made to rise, and he rises accordingly;—from knowledge to knowledge, from smaller to greater, from crudeness in the growth to the ripeness and brightness of the Divine Art that made him. The landscape has been filled in first; and has that fallen? No; not although the first grounds may have been worked in and in, layer upon layer, ground upon ground, even living ground; nay; even though man himself may have been destined to become one of those grounds, in order that something better might surmount him, and so advance the whole elements of things, his own included, to their highest condition. But this would not be falling, in the sense of failure. It would only be forming a stepping-stone to perfection.

We do not believe, however, in any such destiny of man. The heart contradicts it. His capabilities are too great, his aspirations too noble, the demands of his affections too just. But trouble makes him impatient; and men of genius too often employ conventional phrases in senses not their own."—Pp. 207, 208.

We are glad to leave off while in sympathy with our author, from whom we so greatly dissent in many things. His faith in human nature is a genial and true-hearted and religious faith, as ever man held. Nor have we any fault to find with his remaining references to Plato, Winckelmann, Goethe, Schiller, Richter, Humboldt and Victor Cousin, for texts or discourses on Art, if we may be allowed to use his suggestions, without profaneness in Mr. Hunt's eyes, in the mechanics' lecture and class rooms on Mondays and other days, as part of the ritual of *our* secular instructions. And if we demur to the unhesitating faith with which our high-priest of the Religion of the Heart seems, in the last page of his book, to accept as an astronomico-religious belief certain majestic speculations of Professor Nichol in his *Architecture of the Heavens*, we are at least self-satisfied to find that facile faith is not all on our side, nor the power of critical, and properly sceptical, judgment all on his.

"Amen! Amen!" (exclaims Mr. Hunt, accepting the merest conjectures as if they were facts)—"Amen to the good Astronomer, with congratulations to itself, because it has no misgivings for anybody, says the Religion of the Heart."—P. 259.

E. H. H.

BENEFIT OF ORTHODOXY.

THE Arian kings communicated from a different cup to that which the other communicants used. Theodoric's daughter poisons her mother in it. And Gregory says an orthodox person may drink poison with perfect safety in that manner.—*Gregorius Turonensis, Hist. Francorum*, p. 149.

MEMOIR OF REAR-ADMIRAL JAMES GIFFORD.

AMONG the annals of the pious dead, we would record those of Rear-Admiral JAMES GIFFORD. This truly exemplary man and able defender of our faith was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, Oct. 20, 1768. His father was Captain James Gifford,* distinguished as the author of "The Elucidation of the Divine Unity," and the friend of Lindsey and other eminent Unitarians of his day. His mother was a native of Halifax, N. S. He was brought to England when quite a child, and received his education at Ely and Cambridge. Of the anxious care with which his father watched over his religious and moral training, some estimate may be formed from the following extract from his "Private Instructions to his Son James."

"As you are now going to enter into the world, and will in a great measure be left to your own guidance, I think it my duty to arm you with some instructions, which if you follow, you will, I hope, be enabled to escape many difficulties and dangers to which you must unavoidably be exposed.

"You will first remember as an *unerring* rule, that without a uniform attention to the Divine Being, you can neither expect success, safety nor comfort, in any one undertaking of your life. And this you may be sure of; for it is your father who tells you this great truth from his own long experience.

"You will therefore make it your *first* and principal duty to shew your dependance on, your reverence and gratitude to, the Supreme Being who is ever present, by serious and fervent prayer to Him, through Jesus Christ our Lord, at least twice a day, if it be possible. Let no example, no persuasions, no ridicule, ever entice you to give up this great support and comfort; for I tell you from my soul that all your future happiness depends entirely upon it. Your prayers to God (when there is no public service) are to be made in *private*. But if your employments at sea should prevent your retirement (as they frequently may), I desire you will offer up *secretly* to the Almighty short and serious addresses, if they contain only a few words; and you will soon experience the comfort and satisfaction of such practices. You may be certain that no man is truly brave or wise who laughs at Religion and the all-extending Providence of his Maker. Sir John Narborough, one of the bravest and most excellent seamen England ever had, never forgot to have prayers offered up to the Almighty constantly and publicly aboard his ship.

"I hope I need not tell you to be strictly honest on every occasion, and to avoid an *intentional* lie as you would avoid an ignominious death."

Then follow some directions on his duties as a naval officer,

* Vide a brief notice of Captain James Gifford, Sen., accompanying a prayer of his composition, in *Christian Reformer*, Vol. I., N. S., p. 821, and of his work, *Monthly Repository*, Vol. XI, p. 144. A sixth edition of the "Elucidation" was published by the author's son, General Gifford.

and some high-toned injunctions relative to the morality of his private life. The father concludes :

"If you have resolution enough to obey these easy rules for your future conduct (as I greatly hope you will), you will certainly, by the blessing of God, enjoy more true happiness, security and success, than I am afraid above half the world usually meet with or are entitled to.

"I desire you will not fail to take particular care of these instructions. Remember they are your father's; and I beg you will read them carefully at least once a month during your absence from me.

"*May 12, 1782.*"

JAMES GIFFORD."

These admirable instructions left their natural impress on the character of the son. On the 15th of January, 1780, he entered the royal navy, and having served as midshipman on the *Halifax* station in the West Indies and in the Mediterranean, he received his commission as lieutenant, Sept. 12, 1793. The first captain under whom he served in that capacity was the famous James Macnamara, of duelling celebrity, then in command of the ship "*Lutine*" in the Mediterranean. Lieut. Gifford was afterwards transferred to the "*Prince*," the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, whom he followed to the "*Prince George*," in which he remained until he was appointed commander in 1802. During the preceding period the strongest testimony to his character and abilities was borne by his commanding officers. The first vessel which he commanded was the frigate "*Braave*," to which he was appointed June 25, 1803. The following note appears in the handwriting of our lamented friend: "When in command of the *Braave*, had the gratification to hear that Sir Roger Curtis stated publicly before his officers, that were he to have the command of a squadron, I was the person he should wish to have in one of his frigates." Lieut. Gifford was subsequently transferred to the "*Speedy*," and whilst cruising in the Downs he offered his services to Admiral Holloway to take charge of some fire-ships which had joined them, in the event of their being employed against the French fleet when in Ostend harbour; but no attack was made at that time. Soon after, his frigate, the *Speedy*, and another vessel had a severe engagement during the night with the French flotilla which had sailed out of Boulogne harbour, and which were driven back and compelled to anchor off Calais. A second attack was made on the flotilla the following day by the squadron under Admiral Holloway, of which Commander Gifford, although by no means the senior officer, was selected to lead the van. A severe engagement ensued, during which the *Speedy* suffered considerable loss from her position under one of the French batteries. Although no decided advantage appears to have been gained by the British squadron, in consequence of some mistakes as to signals, Commander Gifford received the thanks of the Admiral for his services on the occasion. The following anecdote is one out of

many which illustrate his presence of mind. His sister writes—“In the encounter off the French coast, when so many ships misunderstood the orders, my brother’s ship was exposed to the fire of the batteries, and two balls passed through the whole length of the vessel, only, however, carrying away the skirts of the gunner’s jacket, with his tobacco-box, whose sole grief was the loss of his tobacco. I asked the officer who attended on my brother how he looked during this dangerous affair. He said, ‘Your brother was as cool and collected as when he sits down to dinner in his own cabin.’”

The life which was often bravely perilled was never, perhaps, more in danger than from the following incident, one of the many proofs on record that our times are indeed in a Father’s hand, and that whom He will He preserveth. I cite again from the same pen. “A topmast, being under repair, slipped down suddenly and passed through the deck like a shot. Its progress was stayed but by a large knot in a rope only four inches above my ever dear brother’s breast, he being then in his cot, as it was early morning. The first lieutenant ran down, and, thrusting his hand in the small space under the mast, exclaimed, ‘Good heavens! what a wonderful escape! I thought you must have been killed!’”

The estimation in which Captain Gifford was held by the sailors was remarkably conspicuous at the time of the Mutiny in 1797. Again we quote from his sister. “My brother belonged to the Pompey during the Mutiny: I think he was first lieutenant. The sailors placed the guns so as to sweep both sides of the mess-table, should the officers offend them. My dear brother, however, was never personally insulted, and he was sent with all messages from the captain or other officers, as the men would allow *him* to speak. At last the captain and all the officers were sent on shore, except my brother, and perhaps one or two others. A near relation of ours, with a friend, visited the scene of the Mutiny, and they went to see the Dock-yard with my brother. They afterwards told us how pleasing it was to observe, that while the sailors were full of abuse and insolence to the officers generally, on my brother’s approach they became silent, and took off their hats in a very respectful manner as he passed. He was always called ‘the sailor’s friend.’”

Unharmd by accident or the dread collision of warfare, Capt. Gifford returned to the paternal roof, when the Preserver of his life was acknowledged, and the following thanksgiving was offered by his father from the family altar, Sunday, November 17, 1805:

“We humbly thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for Thy great mercy in restoring safely home to us our son James, here present before Thee, who joins with us in our sincere and dutiful acknowledgments for every instance of Thy benevolent preservation of

him, and of all those who were with him, in the many perils and dangers to which Thou wert pleased in Thine infinite wisdom that he and his companions should be exposed by sea and from the enemy. We implore Thee to make us all truly sensible of Thine all-powerful and gracious protection on these and many other occasions to the whole family, and that by our best endeavours to obtain Thy condescending approbation, we may all hope humbly for the continuance of Thy divine assistance in the future progress of our lives. For without Thee and Thine all-preserving Providence we can neither be safe nor happy one moment. Hear and mercifully accept, we beseech Thee, this imperfect testimony of our gratitude and praise, which we offer up unto Thee, O Father of all, in the name of our blessed Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen."

In May, 1808, he was appointed to the command of the "Sarpion," in which he proceeded to the Baltic, where he served until August, 1812, when he was made Post Captain.

Whilst engaged for more than thirty years in active service, our late friend gave many proofs of the most determined courage and intrepidity. But, at the same time, no one could hold vain-glorious courage in greater contempt, nor could any one be more opposed to the barbarous practice of duelling. It was his invariable rule, therefore, to avoid whatever was likely to lead to quarrels, and he was the first to endeavour to heal breaches amongst friends. An officer of high rank in the navy states on his personal knowledge, that on two occasions Captain Gifford by his friendly intervention prevented duels from being fought. Another officer, of equal rank, who was a shipmate of his sixty years ago, and who still survives, has been often heard to speak of the quarrels which used to occur on board the "Lutine," at the captain's table, in consequence of the fiery temper of Capt. Macnamara, till it came to be observed that it was not until after having drunk a certain quantity of wine that he grew pugnacious, and that this dangerous state of mind was invariably preceded by frequent appeals to what he termed his "sacred honour." Profiting by this experience, Lieut. Gifford and the other officers resolved that, when dining with their captain in future, the first allusion to his "sacred honour" should be taken by them as a signal to rise from table. After this simple arrangement, no dispute ever occurred at the captain's mess. On one occasion, and the only one on which Lieut. Gifford had any difference with Capt. Macnamara, the latter having made use of some threatening language, the former, in a quiet but firm manner, replied, "I fear no man living. Do as you please." Nothing more passed at the time; but on the following morning, to the surprise of every one, the captain appeared on deck with a smiling face, and, walking up to his lieutenant, shook hands with him, saying, "I was wrong last night, Gifford; but let us say no more about it." This from a man of whom it was often remarked that he was never known to make an apology, is certainly a strong proof of the estimation in which he must have

held that officer to whom he thought proper to make the *amende honorable*.

After his promotion, Captain Gifford spent some years in England, and subsequently accompanied his mother and sister to Jersey, where his venerable parent died at the advanced age of 94. His latter years were chiefly spent in that island, to which, on account of the mildness of the climate and the beauty of the scenery, he was much attached.

Although Captain Gifford had spent thirty years in active service, he was still in the prime of life at the termination of the war. Perhaps at no time is a man's real character and disposition more tested than when he retires from professional pursuits into private life. And it was then that the benevolence of our late valued friend became chiefly conspicuous, and that the love for his fellow-creatures found such varied manifestations. In nothing was it more apparent than in the tender regards which he bore towards those to whom he was bound by the ties of kindred, and in the warm interest which he took in the welfare and happiness of all with whom he lived in habits of intimacy and friendship. The simplicity and kindness of his manner, and the unmistakable sincerity which accompanied all he said, gave to even common conversational courtesies from his lips a value to which they are but too seldom entitled. His benevolence was also shewn in his numerous acts of charity, in which he was frequently more apt to consult the impulse of his heart than the extent of his means. Nor did he restrict his charities to those who applied to him for aid, but made inquiries after all cases of distress in his vicinity, and thus was often of infinite service to those who from motives of delicacy were unwilling to make their circumstances known.

And he stretched his philanthropy beyond the confines of his neighbourhood and country. Every measure calculated to improve the physical condition of mankind, to extend their knowledge and elevate their moral tone, met with his warmest sympathy and support. No one could set a higher value than he did upon the blessings of civil and religious liberty,—no one was more keenly alive to the wrongs inflicted by despotic power, or entered with greater fervour into the cause of the oppressed of all nations. Especially was his commiseration excited for the sufferings of the slave. He had witnessed the beginning as well as the end of the great struggle in England for emancipation in her colonies, and he continued to watch with the deepest interest the progress of the Anti-slavery cause in the United States.

It is not to be supposed that one to whom the temporal well-being of his fellow-men was of such constant interest, could be indifferent to their eternal welfare. The deep reverence which he felt towards the Source of all intelligence, his enlarged conception of the love of God, led him to study the Divine character

in all his works, and to seek for the manifestation of his will where only it is to be found. The result of his meditations, and of a diligent and truth-seeking study of the Scriptures, was a confirmation of those opinions which in early life he had imbibed from his father; for with him the unity of God, his omnipresence, his universal love, the pure and exalted character of Jesus Christ, his precepts and his example, pointing out the road to immortality, were the essential truths of the Bible. Deeply impressed with the vast importance of these fundamental, these great evangelical doctrines, he directed the chief energies of his mind to their more general diffusion.

In the year 1818, during his residence at Swansea, Captain Gifford published his "*Remonstrance of a Unitarian*," which was addressed to the late Dr. Thomas Burgess, Bishop of St. David's, in reply to two pamphlets which were attributed to that divine. Every candid person must admire the true spirit of Christian charity with which this work is written, in strong contrast to the bigotry and intolerance so conspicuous in the publications of the Bishop, who does not hesitate to brand Unitarians as blasphemers. Alluding to this fearful charge, the author of the *Remonstrance* pointedly and beautifully remarks: "If there is one situation apparently more awful and appalling than another, it appears to me that of placing oneself between another man's conscience and his God, and pronouncing upon him a sentence of condemnation; thus usurping a power which can belong to none but God himself, who alone can view the secret springs of our hearts and see our thoughts afar off." This work is very characteristic of the author; for in it is conspicuous the same ability, the same straightforward honesty of purpose, the same candour and the same love of truth, which ever distinguished our lamented friend. We cannot but be astonished at the monstrous absurdity of some of the arguments, if arguments they may be called, which he quotes from the writings of his opponents. For instance, the following, taken from those of Bishop Beveridge: "This I confess is a mystery which I cannot possibly conceive; yet 'tis a truth which I can easily believe; yea, therefore, it is so true that I can easily believe it, because it is so high that I cannot possibly conceive it: for it is impossible anything should be true of the infinite Creator, which can be fully expressed to the capacities of a finite creature; and for this reason I ever did and ever shall look upon those apprehensions of God to be truest, whereby we apprehend him to be the most incomprehensible, and that to be the most true of God which seems to be most impossible unto us. Upon this ground, therefore, it is, that the mysteries of the Gospel which I am less able to conceive, I think myself the more obliged to believe, especially this mystery of mysteries, the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, which I am so far from being able to comprehend, or indeed to

apprehend, that I cannot set myself seriously to think of it, or to draw up my thoughts a little concerning it, but I immediately lose myself in a trance of ecstasy." Unitarianism must indeed have made a great advance since these words were written, as none of its opponents in the present day would venture to write in such a strain.

The "Remonstrance" was very well received by the public. It has gone through two editions, and is now again out of print. It was often remarked at the time, that a Captain of the Navy had got the better of two Bishops in matters purely theological.

In the year 1845, Captain Gifford published a pamphlet entitled, a "Letter of a Unitarian to the Rev. S. Langston, Minister of St. James's Church, Jersey," proposing to him twelve questions, a reply to which would require a solution of the principal difficulties connected with a belief in the Trinity. Its popularity caused it to pass through three editions. But our late excellent friend, as it is well known, did not confine his exertions for the Unitarian cause to his writings. During his residence at Swansea, he contributed liberally to the support of the first Unitarian chapel which was established in that town. Afterwards, when living at Cheltenham, he gave his assistance to form a Unitarian congregation there, which assembled at first in a small room, and of which a very excellent layman, Mr. Furber, at that time conducted the services.

Seven years ago, when resident at Jersey, Captain Gifford attained to the rank of Rear-Admiral. The increased income which he then acquired enabled him to be yet more munificent in his contributions towards the cause which he had ever so much at heart. It was in Jersey, therefore, that his greatest efforts were made, and there he fondly hoped to be able to establish permanently Unitarian worship. Towards this object, Admiral Gifford expended, between the spring of 1845 and the autumn of 1851, not less than £900, and this liberal sum was given out of an income by no means large. And whilst he thus contributed so generously to the support of the cause in Jersey, he continued to make occasional donations to chapels and charitable funds in England. It is well known that this hearty effort to establish Unitarian worship in Jersey, which had received the sanction and support of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, resulted in disappointment. In making the attempt, he was not unaware of the difficulties which would attend it, as the following extract from a letter to the Rev. E. Kell, April 1846, will testify: "I may," he writes, "have ventured too far into a rocky and barren soil, but we have reason to know that the seed has not all been scattered to the wind. But the current of worldly influence continues to run impetuously against our cause. Fashion, fear, custom, want of religious contemplation and firmness, arrest our progress and deter recruits from resorting to our truly Chris-

tian standard." But difficulties did not prevent this zealous servant of Christ from doing what he regarded as his Christian duty. And reason's voice was with him. For what was his sacrifice of earthly wealth, if now it can be said of him, "his prayers and his gifts are gone up as a memorial before his God"? The verdict of his High Tribunal depends not on success, and his *reward is sure*. He has left a noble example. Would that there were more to follow it! And *his* was true generosity; for he, so liberal to the poor, so free in his contributions for the diffusion of rational religion, was frugal and unselfish in his personal expenditure, and although extremely hospitable, denying himself many things which most persons would have considered essential in his rank of society.

The sketch of this truly consistent Christian ought not to be closed without alluding to another prominent feature of his character—the sacred reverence he ever entertained for Truth, which he looked upon as the basis of all Christian virtues. Another of his distinguishing characteristics was the great respect which on all occasions he shewed for the feelings of others. All who enjoyed the benefit of his society must have observed that, although fond of conversation, in which he joined with great cheerfulness and much playful humour, he never even incidentally let anything escape him calculated to give offence to the most sensitive. In fact, in his own temperament, there was evidently a delicacy of sentiment, a refinement in social intercourse, far superior to that which the mere conventionalisms of etiquette could have induced. To this refinement and consequent sensitiveness, as well as to the circumstance of his religious and political opinions having been, at least to a late period, very opposite to those popular at the time, may be attributed his preference for a life of comparative retirement.

Although no man's standard of moral excellence could be higher, yet throughout life, as is evident from his Notes and MSS., he cherished the most modest and humble opinion of his own merits. He was equally remarkable for his great allowances for the failings of others, being always inclined to take the most favourable view of human nature. Thus, when the conduct of any one at a former period of life was alluded to in a discouraging way, he would remark, "Tell me how he conducts himself now."

In October 1852, Admiral Gifford entered his 85th year. He was then in the enjoyment of good health, and in possession of all his faculties, except that of hearing, which was impaired. In the early part of last spring he had an attack of influenza, from which, however, he apparently recovered, so as to be able to take out-door exercise and to attend to his horticultural pursuits; but in July he was again taken seriously ill, and after considerable suffering he sank to his rest on the 20th of August.

There is surely much in the resigned and tranquil end of a good man to reconcile us to death. We then learn that it is possible to meet the great change as the mercifully-appointed termination of life's long journey, and as the pathway to a higher state of being. Thus peaceful was the closing scene of our greatly valued friend!

“How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.
And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.”

So long as his strength permitted, the dying Christian conversed with his usual cheerfulness and composure, seeming to take as kindly an interest in the affairs of the world he was about to leave, as if he had been unconscious that the messenger of Death was at hand. He neither murmured nor complained, evidently thinking more of the pain which his sufferings occasioned to others, than of that which he himself endured, and frequently expressing his grateful sense of the sympathy and unwearied assiduity of a sister's love. But above all was he thankful to Almighty God for the manifold blessings he had received at his hands, waiting his summons with perfect resignation to the Divine will. On the Thursday evening, he said to his beloved sister, “You will be alone, Julia, but God will be your friend.” He then repeatedly said, raising his hands, “But all is right—all is right!” On Saturday morning, about five minutes before he died, he again frequently repeated, “All is right!” raising his hands and eyes to heaven, repeating the same also to his medical friend just as he drew his last breath. “From my knowledge of his sentiments (his sister writes), I am sure he meant ‘all is right’ in the dispensations of our Almighty Father, however painful they may be. His deep humility would not have allowed such words regarding himself. In his own estimation, he fell far short of what he ought to have been.”

The following extracts from letters written just before his last illness, illustrate the zeal and fervent interest he continued to take in the progress of evangelical truth to the close of life.

TO REV. E. KELL.

“Mont Orgueil Cottage, Jersey, 28th May, 1853.

“My dear Sir,—I duly received the extract from the annual report of the Southern Unitarian Fund Society,* with your letter. I have long felt highly gratified by the indefatigable zeal and distinguished ability of our Unitarian ministers, particularly of late, most certainly deserving of the highest commendation, regretting at the same time that such manifest devotion does not meet with the present encouragement so

* Of this Society he was a member.

earnestly desired; but it does appear to me that there is too great and hurtful despondency. We have it publicly reported that some of our churches are making no progress, and that others are falling back. It is right, no doubt, that this condition of our affairs should be well and generally known among ourselves; but I think the *public* declaration of it to the world should ever be accompanied with the expression of a firm, unshaken conviction that our faith *must* ultimately triumph; for it is plain common sense resting upon a plain common-sense understanding of the general tenor and rational sense of Scripture; and it may be asked, who could be expected to enter a building declared by the occupiers to be in a falling condition. *Everlasting salvation* held to be dependent on religious opinion, however honestly embraced! It is surely manifest some change must be expected, though the many will stand in awe of a change, whilst others will turn aside from the subject through indifference, and, as Dr. Priestley has observed, the cause may even appear to be occasionally going backward; but hope can never be extinguished, and we may now be considered as preparing the way to reap advantage from some great change, such as takes place in the world from time to time. To despair is to fall below the character and merit of our cause. Faith in progress is required from us; for we have it on consummate judgment, and we see it, that men are the most irrational in that in which they ought to be the most rational. Immoveable faith and unshaken hope is surely our great object; and for myself, I never descend a step below this standing, for great is Truth and stronger than all things; Heaven blesseth it—the strength, kingdom, power and majesty of all ages! * * *

“My dear Sir, yours ever sincerely,
“JAMES GIFFORD.”

And again to the same, in a similar strain :

“Mont Orgueil Cottage, Jersey, 20th June, 1853.

“My dear Sir,—I feel much gratified by your correspondence, and the more so in finding that your general view of affairs accords so well with my own. I see letters in the *Inquirer*, of which I can make little or nothing with respect to practical benefit, and, in truth, of which I disapprove, as the productions of born discontented spirits; particularly do I deprecate such discontent venting itself in deterioration of our ministers, whose zeal and ability are very generally deserving, in my opinion, of the highest respect and esteem. I consider some of these letters as empty, and unsuited to the rationality and high worth of Unitarianism. Our faith is destined hereafter to shine high above the sad bewilderments of existing religious creeds. * * * My sister, as ever, most cordially unites in all earnest good wishes for the happiness and welfare of all included in your domestic circle.

“Yours ever sincerely,
“JAMES GIFFORD.”

It will be gratifying to the friends of Admiral Gifford to hear of the many warm expressions of esteem, respect and affection with which the deceased is mentioned in Jersey, all differences in religion and politics seeming to be forgotten. A resolution of respect and veneration for his memory was passed at the annual

meeting of the Southern Unitarian Society at Newbury in September last;* and at the annual social gathering of the Southampton congregation, to which he had presented a valuable organ, the following resolution was proposed by Edward Dixon, Esq., seconded by the Rev. B. Mardon, and supported by the Rev. Hugh Hutton, who, in illustration of the Admiral's zeal, observed, that he had been an eye-witness in Jersey of the interesting fact of the Admiral, on the verge of fourscore, accompanied by his venerable sister, teaching in the Sunday-school which they had travelled three miles to attend:

"That this meeting records its deep sense of the services of Admiral Gifford to the cause of Unitarian Christianity, both by his valuable publications and his truly pious and consistent example, and begs respectfully to convey its sincere condolence to his sorrowing Sister."

The preceding sketch of this faithful disciple of Christ, whose name, with that of his revered father, reflects honour on the Christian church which claimed them as her own, has been drawn chiefly from notes furnished by his highly-valued friend, James Boog, Esq. It is offered to the public in the fervent hope that others may imitate the zeal and devotion which animated him, the record of which shall not pass away with the vain glories of this life, but shall endure through eternal ages. To him it is of small moment now, if his name have found a place on the page of history; it is everything that his "record is *on high*."

EDMUND KELL.

MAURICE'S THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS.†

THE character and writings of Mr. Maurice are, we presume, tolerably well known to the readers of this Magazine. Some years ago, a lady left a small bequest in her will, which laid him under the obligation of writing a book specially addressed to Unitarians. Mr. Maurice would not attempt a controversial work, feeling—very justly, we think—that controversy was not his forte. More recently, however, he had prepared a series of discourses which embraced most of the topics usually discussed with us. Those discourses he afterwards threw into the essay form, having considerably altered, enlarged and adapted them to the particular purpose in hand. Such is the account, given us in the Preface, of the origin of this book.

The work itself bears obvious traces of this reconstruction and amalgamation. Most of the essays are readily divisible into two

* See Christian Reformer, N.S., Vol. IX. p. 660.

† Theological Essays. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. Macmillan and Co., Cambridge. 1853.

parts; the first evidently intended for, and addressed to, the general congregation of orthodox worshipers; the second, for the particular needs and defects of Unitarians, who always seem to come in "to point the moral" in the end. It is plain that a book composed under these circumstances is subjected to some serious disadvantages. One vice of the arrangement is, that we never get any single subject thoroughly discussed, but are tantalized rather with glimpses of it. Then the views of those he professes to argue with are, too often, indicated in the faintest and most nebulous manner; while the reasons with which he fortifies his own position seem to us anything but conclusive. Occasionally, indeed, Mr. Maurice seizes upon some characteristic thought of another, or some pregnant principle of his own, and gives it utterance with rare felicity and force; but in general, whether he puts objections or answers them, there is a singular want of close, consecutive statement, of definite outline, and of direct meaning. His mind is of a fine rather than a vigorous order; so gentle, that we do not find he is able to say anything harsh of his most inveterate opponent; so sympathetic, that it is plain he feels the truth contained in the most various systems of belief: tender, clinging, devout, it is quite wonderful what his delicate feelings and vivid imagination can do for the dry, technical theology of the English Church. He finds rich and beautiful meanings in the severest article, profound suggestions in the most ordinary-looking formula, and, in the excess of his affection, will not believe that there is aught but the purest charity even in the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed!

The peculiarity of Mr. Maurice's language is such, that we are not sure we always understand him. As his critic, Dr. Jelf, says, "Though often distinguished for eloquence and force, it can hardly be called remarkable for perspicuity." Indeed, we rather think that this is precisely the defect of his mind—its want of *directness*. He observes a great many things that others miss, but seems unaccountably to overlook what is plainly before him, and what every one is able to see except himself. So he wheels round and round, rushes to and fro, strikes here and there with great effect, but never comes exactly to the point. A great deal is said, but nothing seems very clearly made out. We are disposed to think that Mr. Maurice must hold the straight line in abhorrence; and though it would be wrong to say that there is anything *crooked* in his mind, yet it is plain that he rejoices in the winding curve and the mystic circle. Take the following as a specimen—by no means the worst—of his indirect and involved method:

"If a particular temper or habit characterises a man, or a country, or an age, the believer in a Revelation would naturally conclude that there must be an affinity between this temper or habit and some side of that Revelation;—he would search earnestly for the point of contact

between them, and rejoice when he recognised it. He might find the temper or habit in question often confused, often feeble, often evil. His whole hope of removing the confusion, strengthening the feebleness, counteracting the evil, would lie in the power which seemed to be given him of connecting it with that wider and deeper principle from which it had been separated. Every, even the slightest, inclination on the part of persons who were habitually suspicious of that which he held to be truth, to acknowledge a portion of it as bearing upon their lives, he would eagerly and thankfully hail," &c.—Pp. 3, 4.

Or this rather shadowy passage, on the effects of baptism :

"How could any one who believed that God had declared His Son to be the root of righteousness for every man,—that they were baptised into Him, adopted to be sons of God in Him,—teach any human creature that he had had a certain righteousness, justification, freedom from evil, for a moment; but that when he yielded to the lusts of the flesh, or the power of the Evil Spirit, these blessings were his no longer? Of course it would be so, if his righteousness were his own property, if it could ever become his own property. But if what baptism proclaimed was precisely, that it never could, that the notion of a self-righteousness is false in principle, the greatest of all contradictions, then it must be the right and duty of men at all times to turn to Him in whom they are created, redeemed, justified; their trust was either lawful at no time, or it was lawful at every time; on no principle save that of continual trust in the Lord of his spirit, could a man assert the privilege and glory of his baptism, and rise above his enemies."—P. 203.

We imagine that Mr. Maurice must write in a style somewhat clearer and more direct than this, before he has much influence with Unitarians.

There are seventeen essays in all, the subjects of which we give below.* We do not propose the serious task of going over the entire ground at issue, but shall content ourselves by pointing out the chief principles which Mr. Maurice seems to hold, and shewing how they affect our own position. It will also appear how far his theology departs from the recognized standards of his own Church. First, however, we have a word to say on some misconceptions into which he has fallen.

Mr. Maurice complains that the Unitarian puts for God "a mere amiable, goodnatured Being;" and, in explanation of this, says (p. 15), "Atheism is the natural and necessary refuge of men, if the only image of God presented to them is of One who allows them to be comfortable,—who is not angry with them,—

* 1. On Charity. 2. On Sin. 3. On the Evil Spirit. 4. On the Sense of Righteousness in Men, and their Discovery of a Redeemer. 5. On the Son of God. 6. On the Incarnation. 7. On the Atonement. 8. On the Resurrection of the Son of God from Death, the Grave and Hell. 9. On Justification by Faith. 10. On Regeneration. 11. On the Ascension of Christ. 12. On the Judgment-day. 13. On Inspiration. 14. On the Personality and Teaching of the Holy Spirit. 15. On the Unity of the Church. 16. On the Trinity in Unity. 17. Conclusion—On Eternal Life and Eternal Death.

who wishes all to be happy, but leaves them to make themselves and each other happy as well as they can." One would readily conclude from this representation, that the Unitarian conception of the Divine Ruler was, of One who took no part in mundane affairs; who never concerned Himself about the punishment of sin or the reward of righteousness, but, with a languid wish for the improvement of his creatures in general, left them to struggle on in the best way they were able. Need we say that this is as far as possible from the truth? It would be difficult to point to any class of writers or preachers who have more strongly insisted upon a wise, orderly and *just* government of the world, than the Unitarians of the last and of the present century. Believers in the doctrine of Necessity, as most of the former were, their theory led them to trace, with the certainty of cause and effect, the rigid connection between vice and misery, virtue and happiness. Assertors of the doctrine of human Liberty, as most of the latter appear to be, their views compel them to urge the reality of man's responsibility, his actual transgression, and, consequently, the perfect justice of punishment under the reign of a Righteous Father. Both equally abjure the notion of a mere goodnatured Divinity, who does not care for his creatures, and has no spirit or will to correct man when he goes wrong. We do not believe in a weak or apathetic God, but in a holy and loving Parent, whose sympathy is ever present with his children, whose ear is open to the prayer of the contrite, whose strength is ready to descend upon the heart of the feeble; who punishes sin, because it is for the sinner's good; who sends pains, scourges, stings to chasten and purify the transgressor's soul; who metes out reward and penalty with the strictest exactitude, according to the minutest shade of merit or demerit; and who is not defeated by any amount of evil in the creature, but whose laws ultimately work out the good of creation. If it be puerile and unsatisfactory to hold by such a conception of God, we must be content to remain under the stigma; but we really cannot see how this image of Divinity presented to the minds of men should drive them to Atheism. For what is this but the image of a just and beneficent Ruler? Is that irreligious? From all that we can discover, this Divine government is nothing other than the perfect model of human government,—this Divine Fatherhood, in which we plant our faith, is the highest ideal of human fatherhood. We should have thought that a clear and undoubted demonstration of such a Ruler of the universe was precisely what was necessary to draw men from the dreary abyss of unbelief; and so far as our experience goes, scepticism invariably arises from those immoral and irrational representations of the Divine Being which Calvinistic theology forces upon the unwilling soul. Men are called upon by Christian divines of the

self-styled Evangelical school to believe, as Dr. Vinet says,* in "a God upon earth, a God-man, a God poor, a God crucified; vengeance overwhelming the innocent—pardon raising the guilty from the deepest condemnation; God himself the victim of man, and man forming one and the same person with God." They say plainly, We do not soften its teachings; such is the gospel scheme; receive or reject it at your peril; there is no stopping short of this; every half-way view is but a temporary makeshift—a Socinian device; you must believe this or *nothing*.—Very well; not a few earnest and highminded men take those divines at their word, and, rather than accept *this*, believe nothing. Such we know to be one of the chief causes of that scepticism which exists to so great an extent among our clear-headed and honest-hearted working population, and of which no one is more deeply aware than Mr. Maurice himself. And yet he thinks that unless we plainly proclaim a God who does not at all wish for the happiness of men, but who is angry with them and will not allow them to be comfortable, they are sure to turn out Atheists!

We find a similar error on p. 93, where, in a passage of considerable power, he warns us against a possible descent into the idolatry of worshiping Christ, and thinks, singularly enough, that our only refuge lies in accepting him as "God of God, Light of Light."

"In so far as you feel—and I am sure many of you do feel—a sincere, fervent admiration and love for the character of Jesus Christ, in so far as you believe him to be the wisest, holiest, most benignant Teacher the world ever had, are you not in danger of setting a man above God? For I think the dim and distant vision of a Being nowise related to you, as far as your theory is concerned,—though by a happy and noble inconsistency you delight to call Him, Father,—cannot by any possibility be so satisfactory as the thought of one who has actually done good and wrestled with evil here, and in some sense for you. When you can fairly say, we are contemplating either, that is the fairer object, is it not?—the one upon which you would rather dwell, even if it must be so, to the exclusion of the other? Well! but surely here is the commencement and germ of all idolatry. For you do not mean by idolatry, plain and practical people as you are, the mere outward service of the temple, the bowing the knee to a certain name; you mean the deliberate preference of the judgment and the affections. And that, it seems to me, you will and must bestow upon Christ rather than upon God, if you do not accept the doctrine that He is God of God, Light of Light."—P. 93.

Now surely Mr. Maurice ought to know that he commits a great error in supposing that our feeling of God is that of a dim and distant Being nowise related to us, and that it is by an inconsistency we call Him Father. We do so from the plainest

* Sermon on the Genius of the Gospel, by Alexander Vinet, D.D.

and simplest principles of our creed, because it is the very ground and pillar of our system, the key-stone of our arch, without which it crumbles into ruin. That pure and blessed name is, with us, no empty title; we call Him Father because we believe Him really to be so,—a Father mighty in wisdom, perfect in justice, ceaseless in goodness,—because we recognize in Him all the tender and venerable qualities of a Parent. Under the Trinitarian scheme, indeed, it is tolerably clear that the character of Father is more nominal than real. It is an appellation for the First Person in the Godhead, and scarcely anything more; it covers the dim image of a Being, who sits upon the throne of the universe, inexorably demanding obedience to a perfect law, and so forms a grand back-ground of justice (or of *wrath*) whereon to depict the mercy, love and sacrifice of the Son. But under our view of the gospel there is no such contrast. The characters of the Father and Son are not opposed, but identical. We see the purest image of God in the person of His holy child, Jesus. The Infinite Lord of creation reveals Himself in the soul of His sainted One; and that mighty Presence who broods over the formless abyss, and bends the stars to their rayless paths, and is the perennial Guardian, Guide and Helper of humanity, even He is most truly beheld in His meek and gentle Prophet who lived of old in Judea,—whose step was by the quiet lake and upon the brown hills of Galilee,—who relieved the needy, and comforted the mourner, and rebuked the hypocrite, and blessed the little child,—who bent in sorrow over the forms of ill, yet inspired men's hearts with the everlasting faith in goodness. But we must not, on account of this identity of character, confound the finite qualities of the one with infinite attributes of the other; and to *prefer* Jesus to the Father, is no more possible, on our theory, than to prefer one gleam of sunshine to the perpetual daylight—one pure transparent rill to the vast repository of waters, from which it has arisen and to which it must return. God—the everlasting Creator of all worlds—the universal Lord of life, beauty and blessing—this great Being, “named by no name, compassed by no thought of ours”—how can we possibly confound Him with one of His creatures? Jesus was indeed His beloved Child, His chosen Messenger, the fairest type of our mortal race, the saintliest character of our earthly history, but in all respects “made like unto his brethren.” We have a distinction broad enough and clear enough, at least to the eye of common sense, whatever the subtle and unsatisfied gaze of metaphysicians may say to it, namely, that the Father is *divine* and the Son is *human*; and this must ever constitute the real barrier to idolatry. To propose that a Unitarian should guard against this danger by admitting Christ to the Godhead, by believing that he is God of God, Light of Light, is surely to suggest that we should exchange a slight mistake for a grave error, cure a

finger by amputating an arm, avoid the edge of a precipice by dashing headlong over it!

The scheme of theology set forth in this book, so far as we can gather it, appears to be the following. Man has a consciousness of pain and evil in himself, from which he longs to be delivered (Doctrine of Sin); he also feels that there is a righteousness in him deeper than the evil, but this righteousness is nothing other than the spiritual existence of Christ in every human heart (Doctrine of a Redeemer); the source of all the light that ever visits a man, the root of all the righteous thoughts and acts that he is ever able to conceive and do. Now the Father, as Creator and Moral Governor, stands apart from men, outside their nature as it were, and judges them by a perfect law, measures how far they come short of an ideal humanity; whereas the Son, by taking the flesh and blood of man (Doctrine of the Incarnation), enters into human conditions, becomes subject to pain, sorrow and evil, and so perfectly sympathizes with the wants of our toiling and tempted nature. Christ's life and death present to the Father the pure image of a sinless humanity, and thus reconcile man to God (Doctrine of Atonement). We are justified by his righteousness, of which baptism is the sign; we are sanctified by increasing communion with him, of which the Eucharist is the symbol; thus saved from eternal death, which is separation from God, and fitted for eternal life, which is everlasting union with Him (Doctrines of Justification and Sanctification).

It will be seen that, stript of its mystical air, and with one important exception, there is nothing in this statement to which a Unitarian need object. The exception we allude to is, of course, that respecting the nature of Christ, whom Mr. Maurice declares, under every possible variety of phrase, to be the "root of righteousness in every man," the source of all our worthy actions. We must decline entering here into any discussion as to the ultimate essence of man's being; but we feel called upon to say, that if there be one abiding consciousness, one profound intuition of the human soul, it certainly is this: "My sin and my righteousness are *my own*, not another's; whether I act in opposition to, or in conformity with, a Righteous Will, the act is mine; I alone am responsible,—I alone am guilty or innocent before God." To affirm that the tendencies to vice are native to the soul, while the impulses to holiness are something foreign to it,—that the evil is our own, but the good is not our own,—is, we humbly conceive, a plain contradiction of human experience. We have precisely the same evidence for believing both; nor can any reason be given why an act of justice, beneficence, self-sacrifice, should not be considered as real as its opposite. If it be substantially evil, as we are all agreed, to pamper our sensual appetites, to defame, plunder, insult our neighbour and deny our God, then we should like to understand, why it is not

substantially good to "provide things honest in the sight of all men," to instruct ignorant children, to comfort sorrowing hearts, or to perish at the stake in defence of truth and liberty? For ourselves, we believe in the law of the flesh as well as in the law of the spirit, both strictly *ours*; we believe in the duality of man's moral nature. Paul simply registers the undoubted consciousness of humanity, when he describes the law in our members warring against the law of our mind, and trying to bring it into captivity. Within each of us there is such a struggle going forward,—between the law of conscience which fights against the law of sin,—between the soft, seductive voice of inclination which whispers one thing, and the stern and solemn voice of duty which commands another. We have high and pure feelings that lift us up to heaven,—we have base and low-born desires that drag us down to earth; now evil obtains the mastery, and the soul is chained down to its unworthy bondage,—anon the holy impulse arises in its majesty, overcomes the sensual desire, quells the impetuous passion, dashes aside the selfish advantage. Man's life is made up of a conflict between the two. Perhaps Mr. Maurice means no more than to declare that there is an Adam and a Christ within each of us,—taking the first as the type of our sensual nature, and the second as the type of our spiritual nature; in which case it is needless to say we agree with him; but there is nothing in this which requires us to depart from the doctrine of Christ's simple humanity, and we wish the language of these Essays admitted of that obvious construction.

This, however, leads us to observe that the real question between ourselves and Mr. Maurice lies precisely here,—whether he has succeeded in shewing that the three offices of Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier, which he describes, require three Divine Persons to fill them; or whether our view of the Divinity in One Person,—God revealing Himself to man through a human being, his Son and Messenger, and so saving and blessing mankind,—is not the simple and sufficient scheme of the gospel? We must say that we think our author has totally failed in establishing his case against us. If there are any facts for which our theory does not account, it would be satisfactory to hear of them; but he does not supply us with any. When he points out that the Father is not a mere name, but a Living Will, the Source and Providence of man's life, we agree; when he describes the Son as the word or expression of God, incarnated in human form, a man through whom God exhibited Himself, whose will was in perfect harmony with God's, we also agree; and when he describes the Spirit as the impartor of love, holiness, spiritual energy, again we agree; but in all this we recognize only the One God. To shew that Deity performs various offices for man, and sustains various relations towards him, is not to prove that there are various Divine Persons. You do not persuade a child

that he has three mothers, when you shew him that his maternal parent is at the same time his mother, his teacher and his nurse. Why should we break up the Divinity into parts, if we can perfectly understand—as who cannot—that the same glorious Being is at once Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier? Wherefore suppose that one Divine Person lives in heaven, the Moral Governor and Judge of men, and another Divine Person appears on earth in human form, suffers and dies for man, and a third Divine Person descends into human hearts, and imparts to them strength, purity, peace in their time of need, when it is so simple, so beautiful and consoling to believe that the one gracious Father does all? What do we gain by parcelling out the Deity after the Trinitarian fashion? Nothing, that we can see, but a dividing of our affections, a distraction of our allegiance. According to the different dispositions of men, and the benefits they believe themselves to have received, some will be more grateful to the Father, some to the Son, and others to the Spirit. Where the distinctions are really *held*, this must be the fact; but we are persuaded that they are merely nominal in the vast majority of cases. Even with Mr. Maurice himself, it is difficult to discover—unless we look at the heading of the chapters—which of the Persons he is speaking about, since very much the same offices and services are affirmed of each. For all devotional, as for all practical purposes, the numerical distinction is a mere figment; or if it really could take effect upon us, it would only prevent our gathering the various attributes of Divinity, Creator, Guide, Preserver, Giver of life, of wisdom and of love, around the One Ever-blessed Name. We cannot consent to cast away our faith in this One Father, a faith so pure and great; and assuredly there is nothing in the Nicene or the Athanasian Creed, nothing in the subtle speculations of this book, to induce us to do so. If, indeed, it could be shewn, that the fact of three distinctions in the Divine Mind was the express declaration of Scripture, that would be a very different ground; but this is not Mr. Maurice's argument. His appeal is to human consciousness, human want, weakness, aspiration, and we feel that here he is utterly unsuccessful.

The doctrine of the Atonement is not so distinctly stated as we could wish; but we are glad to have Mr. Maurice's emphatic condemnation of the Satisfaction scheme:

“The Scripture says, ‘The Lamb of God taketh away the sin of the world.’ All orthodox teachers repeat the lesson. They say Christ came to deliver sinners from sin. This is what the sinner asks for. Have we a right to call ourselves scriptural or orthodox, if we change the words, and put ‘penalty of sin’ for ‘sin;’ if we suppose that Christ destroyed the connexion between sin and death—the one being the necessary wages of the other—for the sake of benefiting any individual man whatever? If he had, would he have magnified the law and made it

honorable? Would he not have destroyed that which he came to fulfil? Those who say the law must execute itself—it must have its penalty—should remember their own words. How does it execute itself if a person, against whom it is not directed, interposes to bear its punishment? * * * Christ satisfied the Father by presenting the image of His own holiness and love; in His sacrifice and death all that holiness and love came forth completely. There is no dissent upon this point among those who adhere to the creed. But it cannot be an accidental point; it must belong to the root and essence of divinity. How, then, can we tolerate for an instant that notion of God which would represent Him as satisfied by the punishment of sin, not by the purity and graciousness of the Son?—Pp. 146, 147.

He repudiates entirely the notion of a conflict in the Divine Mind between justice and mercy,—the theory which makes Jesus the innocent suffer in the room and stead of man the guilty. The “surety-ship” of Christ finds no favour at his hands. We confess that we are unfeignedly glad to perceive this; it confirms our own strongly-cherished impression, that this vaunted scheme never can be acceptable to thoughtful and devout minds, nor seem to them any satisfaction of Divine justice. Nothing is to us clearer than that the idea of substitution is a direct violation of the first principles of equity, and is, in fact, a vulgar trading notion, having its origin in the shallowest view of sin. As if faith and purity, righteousness and love, were marketable commodities, and could be freely “bought, sold or exchanged”! The essence of the sacrifice he sums up in the following manner:

“Supposing all these principles gathered together; supposing the Father’s will to be a will to all good, the Son of God, being one with Him, and Lord of man, to obey and fulfil in our flesh that will by entering into the lowest condition into which men had fallen through their sin; supposing this Man to be, for this reason, an object of continual complacency to His Father, and that complacency to be fully drawn out by the Death of the Cross; is not this, in the highest sense, Atonement? Is not the true, sinless root of Humanity revealed; is not God in Him reconciled to man? May not that reconciliation be proclaimed as a Gospel to all men?”—P. 147.

We do not understand what Mr. Maurice precisely means by the expression that Christ exhibited the “true, sinless root of humanity” to God, and so restored to the Father “complacency” with his own creation. But it appears to us, that the requirements of the case are fully met when we say that God, the Father of humanity, has revealed Himself through Jesus Christ, a being strictly human in his nature, the saintly purity of whose life, the heroic sacrifice of whose death, we can all feel; that such life and death were pleasing to God, because they exhibited Christ’s unshaken fidelity to duty, his calm and lofty trust in the Eternal Father; and that man can only be reconciled to God by continual aspiration after the holy spirit of Jesus, aided by that divine influence which is shed upon the soul in answer to its

earnest entreaties, and in proportion to its own faithful endeavours. We apprehend that Mr. Maurice's account of the sacrifice differs in no respect from this, except that he, quite unnecessarily, adds a divine nature to Christ. And yet he wishes it to be understood that he has not advanced a step nearer to us.

"I am not nearer, then, to Unitarians, because I have joined them in repudiating certain opinions which they, and many of us, have supposed inseparable from the doctrine of the Atonement. Not nearer to them, certainly, in any one of their negative conclusions. On the contrary, I have used the articles in the Creed which they most dissent from, as my weapons against the representations of God, which we agree in thinking horrible."—P. 148.

Notwithstanding this ingenious use of the "articles"—perfectly sincere, we have no doubt—he has really rejected the orthodox and adopted the Unitarian view; or, if there be a partition, as he insists, between us, it is so very fine, that we do not care to strain our eyes in search of it.

The same remark may be made in reference to Mr. Maurice's doctrine of eternal life. Here, too, he disclaims a belief in the ultimate restitution of all things. He says he always felt that the Unitarian view was weak. "We do not want theories of Universalism; they are as cold, hard and unsatisfactory, as all other theories." And yet, strange to say, he can rest in no faith short of universal salvation. His heart of tenderness is too much for his logic; he struggles manfully to persuade himself and us that he believes in an eternal hell—but in vain; it is too horrible, and he feels it. He stands before the nauseous "black draught" with the most resolute intention in the world to swallow it; he assures you that they who refuse such medicine are weaklings, and not true men; but, alas! in spite of himself, his soul sickens at the prospect, and he must give vent to his disturbed feelings thus:

"It cannot be denied that men are escaping to Rome in search of a purgatory, because they see in that some token that God is merciful to His creatures, that the whole mass of human beings in our streets and alleys, whom we have overlooked and neglected, nineteen hundredths of the population of all the Continental countries, most of the American slaves, besides the whole body of Turks, Hindoos, Hottentots, Jews, will not sink for ever, in a short time, into hopeless destruction, from which a few persons, some of whom are living comfortably, eating their dinners and riding in their carriages without any vexation of heart, may, by special mercy, be delivered. They say that a Church which gives them a hope that this is not so, that the threescore years and ten do not absolutely limit the compassion of the Father of Spirits, must be better than the one in which they have been bred. Oh! that such words should be spoken and should be believed! * * * But how dare we define God? How dare we say that Christ is not the Lord of both worlds? How can we check the Spirit of Love, who bids us pray 'for all men,' or tell Him that the prayer must be limited by the barriers of

space and time, which Christ has broken down? And into what blasphemy does this notion lead us! We, poor, selfish, miserable creatures, desire the salvation of this and that fellow-creature, of Jews, Turks, infidels, heretics; so we are more loving than the God of love! We are desiring a good for man which He does not desire!"—Pp. 440, 441.

Or take this passage, which is one of the finest bursts in the book:

"We want that clear, broad assertion of the Divine Charity which the Bible makes, and which carries us immeasurably beyond all that we can ask or think. What dreams of ours can reach to the assertion of St. John, that Death and Hell themselves shall be cast into the lake of fire? I cannot fathom the meaning of such expressions. But they are written; I accept them, and give thanks for them. I feel there is an abyss of Death into which I may sink, and be lost. Christ's Gospel reveals an abyss of Love below that; I am content to be lost in that." P. 442.

If this is not a repetition of the apostle's doctrine, that "the last enemy which shall be destroyed is death," and an assertion of the ultimate salvation of all, it is something so very like it that we do not feel in the least disposed to quarrel about the difference. We accept Mr. Maurice's eloquent testimony, and are grateful for it.

The result of the writing of this book remains to be told. It could hardly be expected that opinions like some of these should pass unchallenged by the authorities of the English Church. Soon it became rumoured abroad that the Professor of Divinity at King's College was unsound in the faith. Dr. Jelf, his Principal, wrote to him, desiring explanations on the subject of "Eternal Punishment," which led to a correspondence between them. The Principal was not satisfied with Mr. Maurice's account of his faith, and felt it his duty to bring the Professor's case before the Council. Dr. Jelf drew up a statement of his reasons for thinking that Mr. Maurice was not fit to be a teacher in the College, which was submitted to the Council at a meeting held on Friday, October 14th, 1853. Mr. Maurice also prepared an answer, which was laid before the same meeting. The Council decided that his opinions on the subject of Future Punishment were of dangerous tendency, and that his continuance as Professor would be injurious to the interests of the College. Mr. Maurice was therefore dismissed from his office. There appears to have been some irregularity about the calling of this Council meeting, and we understand that two eminent members of it, the Bishop of Lichfield and Mr. Gladstone, have protested against the proceedings; the decision, however, remains. Dr. Jelf's accusation and Mr. Maurice's defence have been published in two separate pamphlets, which are now before us. The question between them, as it appears, turns upon the meaning of the word *αἰώνιος*,—Dr. Jelf affirming that it means literally "never-ending,"

while Mr. Maurice contends that it has no relation to time at all, but implies a fixed, changeless condition "out of time." We do not quite understand Mr. Maurice's definition, and therefore cannot undertake to defend it; but it is evident that Dr. Jelf's rule is far too absolute, and would in not a few instances reverse the sense of Scripture. There is no canon of interpretation that we think better established than that which makes the precise meaning of this word depend on its immediate subject; assuredly, if we are not allowed to apply this rule, we shall make fearful havoc with many passages both of the Old and New Testament. So long as the Church has articles to sign and creeds to uphold, clear-headed, formal, logical men like Dr. Jelf will possess an immense advantage over delicate, meditative and expansive minds like Mr. Maurice. The former is awake to the realities of his position, and sees plainly what the formulæ of the Church mean; the latter shuts his eyes against the unwelcome fact, and religiously believes that those creeds express all the lofty and tender truth which he draws from his own soul. Perhaps this harsh act of the Council of King's College may undeceive him. We earnestly hope it may; and, though deeply sympathizing with his present painful position, can hardly regret the occurrence, if it serve to dissolve the charm which has bound him so long, clear his intellectual vision, and restore freer and more healthful action to his moral nature. The thorny, technical theology of these formularies is not suited to him; it inflicts perpetual wounds on his sensitive spirit which he vainly endeavours to conceal; and, like a bird of variegated plumage and silvery note caught in the remorseless toils of the fowler, the best thing we can wish for him is an honourable and speedy deliverance.

Since the foregoing remarks were written, a second edition of Mr. Maurice's book has appeared. To this he has added a new Preface of several pages, which commences with a reference to a critique on his work which appeared in the last No. of the *Prospective Review*,—characterized by Mr. M. as "written with much gracefulness and eloquence," and as containing "the latest message of the new Unitarian school." He intimates that in this new edition he has altered some passages and erased others; that one Essay has been considerably expanded, and another re-written. To what extent these alterations modify or more completely illustrate the views exhibited in the first edition, we cannot, at the present moment, find time to ascertain.

A NOTABLE SAYING BY CROMWELL.

LIBERTY of conscience is a natural right; and he that would have it, ought to give it.—*Speech of Oliver, Lord Protector, 12th Sept., 1654.*

ON THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

WHEN David set up the tabernacle in Jerusalem for the worship of Jehovah, he appointed a company of Levites as musicians and singers to sing psalms before the congregation (1 Chron. xv.); and on the day when the service was first performed, he himself delivered a psalm of praise into the hands of Asaph, which was then sung (xvi. 7). In the same way, when Solomon had built his temple and opened it for worship, a chorus of Levites with musical instruments praised the Lord, singing, "For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever" (2 Chron. v. 13). Again, when Hezekiah restored the worship in the temple, and sacrificed a burnt-offering on the altar, the singers sang their hymns and the musicians sounded their instruments until the burnt-offering was finished (xxix. 28); and after the return from captivity, when the foundation of the new temple was being laid, the courses of the priests sang by turns, "giving praise to the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever" (Ezra iii. 11). For the use of a temple-service in which singing praises to God formed so important a part, a collection of psalms must have been needed, to which new psalms were added from time to time as they were written; and part of that collection we no doubt now have in the book which bears the name of David.

Of these psalms, some were meant to be sung by the chorus in alternate parts, and others were meant for a single voice. These last may perhaps be marked out in the title by the words, "for the chief musician." The title also often gives other information respecting the musical instrument or the manner in which it should be sung, which is not now understood. But these titles are not thought to be ancient, nor can they be relied upon when they give the author's name. Seventy-one are given to David; twelve to the sons of Korah; twelve to Asaph; one to Heman; and one to Ethan,—who were all Levites singing in David's tabernacle; and one to Moses. But many of these, from their subject and style, are certainly more modern; and some even were written after the Babylonian captivity, when the temple was rebuilt by Zerubbabel.

The collection is divided into five books at the end of Psalms 61, 72, 89 and 106. The end of each book is marked by the word Amen, and the second book more particularly with the words, "The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended." By these divisions, therefore, we note the separate collections which were added from time to time to the original book. But the date of the collections remains uncertain, as the times in which the several psalms were written do not agree with the order in which they stand, and there are in the first book psalms which seem to have been written after the captivity. If we would form

an opinion, therefore, of when and by whom and on what occasion each was written, we must be guided only by the subject. Some may have been written by David, whom tradition called the sweet psalmist of Israel (2 Sam. xxiii. 1). But that many belong to a later period of history, is evident from the circumstances mentioned.

The Psalms are not simply devotional poems; their political earnestness is for the most part as remarkable as their religious earnestness. And this is one cause of their eloquence and beauty. They are poems written for an occasion, and each no doubt truly describes the feelings which it gave rise to, but they do not always describe the occasion itself. We must guess at it as well as we can. Among the events in Jewish history, those which will best help us in our attempts to give a date to the Psalms, are the invasion by Sennacherib, the conquest by Nebuchadnezzar, the captivity in Babylon, and the return from captivity. These events, and one or two more, together with the style, which was gradually changing from bluntness to a more easy flow of language, are the grounds upon which they have been arranged in the following list.

But it is more than probable that many of them are older than the form which now they wear. Many were doubtless written for one occasion and afterwards re-written, and thus made in thought and language to suit a later event. And, upon the whole, it must be granted that the reasons for which any exact date is given to them, are often very slender.

Psalms 4, 6, 7, 8, 12, 13, 16, 30, 32, 35, 36, 38, 41, 54, 58, 62, 91, mention no circumstances from which we can easily form an opinion as to when they were written. Nor does their style declare them to be modern; they may be among the oldest in the collection.

3, speaks of the Lord's holy hill; 101, of his city; and 110, of Mount Zion. These, therefore, cannot be written before Jerusalem was conquered by David and made the capital of the country.

72, is in honour of Solomon when made king in David's lifetime. The writer prays God to give grace to the king and to the king's son.

18 and 29, speak of God's temple, and therefore could not have been written before Solomon built the temple; for even the heavens would not have been figuratively so called before that time.

45, was on the occasion of Solomon's marriage to the daughter of the Egyptian king. It praises the Jewish king's beauty and majesty, and tells the queen, on leaving her father's house, that instead of forefathers she shall have children. It was written after the voyage to Ophir, which place is here mentioned.

15, 24 and 26, all speak of the temple as already built, and thus must belong to the reign of Solomon or later.

52 and 92, were written after the temple was built, and before the trees were removed from it, in the reign of Josiah.

81 and 114, are psalms for the service of the temple at the Passover.

68, praises God for the defeat of the Syrians, at the foot of Mount Bashan, by king Jehoshaphat, when the enemy's chariots were supposed to be routed by the fear of chariots from heaven. The writer hopes that Egypt and Ethiopia will soon acknowledge the Jewish power, as the king was fitting out a fleet on the Red Sea.

20, is an early psalm of thanksgiving for danger escaped, and, as it mentions the uselessness of chariots, it may have been written at this time. It was before burnt-offerings were discontinued.

78, blames the men of Ephraim for cowardice in the battle; possibly the battle above spoken of.

83, mentions the Assyrians invading the country at the same time that it was overrun by Moabites, Edomites, Philistines and Tyrians. It was therefore written about B.C. 742, in the reign of king Ahaz, whose troubles under those invasions are described in 2 Chron. xxviii., and at the same time that the prophet Joel wrote his earnest and eloquent call to the nation.

2, speaks of an invasion by foreign enemies, perhaps the invasion by the Assyrians under Sennacherib, in the reign of Hezekiah.

11, is written in confidence that it is not necessary to quit Jerusalem to avoid the danger.

48, speaks of Jerusalem being threatened with a siege, and of the enemy's retreat.

46, speaks of sufferings under an invasion by the enemy.

76, describes the destruction of Sennacherib's army, as related in 2 Kings xix.

61 and 63, are by writers who had been carried into captivity in some early invasion,—earlier than the great carrying off to Babylon, because the monarchy was not yet overthrown.

21 and 116, may both have been written on the recovery of king Hezekiah from sickness.

19, was written after the publication of the Law in the reign of Josiah.

1, which has been placed as a suitable introduction to the whole collection of psalms, was also written when the Law was in everybody's hands.

50, was also written after the publication of the Book of Deuteronomy, and when burnt-offerings were no longer valued.

74, is a lament on the destruction of the temple and of the synagogues throughout the land, and belongs to the time of Nebuchadnezzar's invasion.

42 and 43, are but one psalm, and were written when the writer was a prisoner in a foreign land, and no longer able to go to the house of God with praise.

77, 86, 89, 90, were written in trouble, and perhaps during the Babylonian captivity.

80, is also by a captive, and one who belonged to the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. It is one of the few that are not written by natives of Judah.

40, and 70 which forms part of 40, and 71, which is a continuation of 70, have been thought to be the work of Jeremiah, and they agree well with the character of that persecuted prophet.

69, is probably by a writer who, like Jeremiah, had fled into Egypt, as he compares his troubles to sinking in deep mire or being overwhelmed by a flood. The Hebrew writings usually liken their sufferings to the want of water in the desert.

139, contains a trace of the Egyptian opinions, when it describes the creation, and speaks of matter yet unshaped having been curiously wrought by the Almighty in the lowest parts of the earth.

31, 39, 44 and 109, are, in cast of thought, very like the writings of Jeremiah, and were probably written about his time.

79, quotes a verse from Jeremiah, chap. x. 25.

25, 34, 37, 111, 112, 119 and 145, are alphabetical psalms, in which the first letters of every line, or verse of several lines, follow the order of the Hebrew alphabet. In this manner, the first four of the Lamentations are written; and it is probable that these seven psalms are of about the same age. Of these psalms, 37 refers to the latter part of Isaiah. Thus the prophet had just written, "I will not rest until the righteousness of Zion go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth" (ch. lxii. 1). And the psalmist says, "The Lord will bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day" (verse 6).

137, mentions the writer's dwelling in Babylon; but as it threatens vengeance on his enemies, it seems that the captives had already a prospect of returning home.

60, also threatens punishment upon the nation's enemies upon the return home from captivity.

14, and 53 which is nearly in the same words, and 102, were all written with the hope of a speedy return home from captivity.

23, 65 and 85, were written after the return home.

66, may have been of about the same time.

105 and 107, are thanks to God for being allowed to return.

5, 17, 27, 28, 55, 56, 59, 67, 73, 75, 82, 140, 141, 142, 143 and 146, seem all to speak of the enemies and troubles with which they were surrounded on their return home to Jerusalem. These troubles are described in the books of Ezra and Nehemiah.

120 to 134, form a series called Songs of Degrees or Ascents,

and bear marks of having been written on the return home. 127, is encouragement in rebuilding the temple. The writer of psalm 120, complains that dwelling in Jerusalem at this time, surrounded with jealousies, is like dwelling in the tents of Kedar.

132, is on the dedication of the temple when rebuilt.

84, also was written after the rebuilding.

51, is a prayer for the rebuilding of the city walls, after the temple had been rebuilt.

147, was written after the walls were rebuilt.

22, 115 and 118, distinguish between Israelites and those that fear the Lord, and thus seem later than the time of Nehemiah, when the separation was made between the Jews and the pious Gentiles.

33, 64, 93, 95, 96, 97, 99, 100, 103, 104, 113, 117, 135, 136, 138, 148, 149, 150, are psalms of praise, in which the style of thought seems to mark them later than the captivity.

57, 94 and 106, are prayers for help, written after the return from the captivity.

49, has many of the later opinions of the Book of Ecclesiastes.

88, speaks of the dead rising again, though with doubt and even denial.

9, 10, 47, 87 and 98, are thanks for the land being freed from the heathen, and perhaps belong to the time of the Maccabees.

144, is composed by the help of psalm 18.

108, is wholly composed out of 57 and 60.

In the greater part of the psalms, however, the warm feelings of prayer or thanksgiving, always accompanied with earnest praise to Jehovah, are much more marked than the occasions for which they may have been written. And by as much as there is a doubt about the time when each was written, by so much is it more fitted for our use in worshipping the Almighty. They have been wisely taken as the models of devotional poetry by all Christendom.

S. S.

A COMPANION PORTRAIT FOR THE VICAR OF BRAY.

DR. KITCHEN, Bishop of Llandaff, from an idle Abbot under Henry VIII., was made a busy Bishop. Protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary, and at last took the oath of Supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a Parliament Protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name; for they said that he had always loved the *Kitchen* better than the *Church*!—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Almanacs for 1854.

THE Almanacs for the new year are more numerous than ever, and many of them are deserving of our good word. First we desire to thank Mr. Webb for his careful and accurate *Unitarian Almanac*. It is a very great improvement on any of its Unitarian predecessors. The information it contains is brought up to a very recent period. Many of the particulars are quite new. The only erratum we have noticed is at p. 45, where 1846, instead of 1646, is assigned as the date of the establishment of the Provincial Assembly for the counties of Lancaster and Chester.

The Protestant Dissenters' Illustrated Almanac, published by John Cassell, is adorned with a series of engravings of the principal Reformers of the Church, accompanied by brief biographies and extracts from their works. A spirit of fairness, not always found in works issued by "orthodox" Dissenters, appears to characterize the book. The type is inconveniently small, but as a whole the Almanac is very cheap.

The British Almanac and its Companion keep the lead which they have now enjoyed for more than a quarter of a century in fulness and accuracy of information. The educational information is as usual very full; and it is a test of its recentness and accuracy that our own College is assigned its proper locality, and appears for the first time recorded in the Almanac as "Manchester New College, University Hall, London." To the Companion, Professor De Morgan contributes a valuable paper explanatory of the Decimal Coinage, to which the public mind seems at length tolerably reconciled. We agree with the Professor in thinking that the old names of farthing, sixpence and shilling, will survive the change now contemplated, and with dogged English sturdiness will refuse to give place to such terms as mills and cents.—The second article relates to the Census of 1851. From 1700 to 1800, it required a century to double the population of England. That process has latterly been effected in half the time. The most wonderful change effected during the half century is in the district called the North-western, comprehending Lancashire and Cheshire. In 1801, it stood fifth in order, and is now first, having nearly trebled its population. On the night (March 31, 1851) on which the census was taken, there were in workhouses 131,582 persons, in prison 30,959, and in lunatic asylums 21,004. There were in barns and tents 18,249, being nearly half as many again as were in barges. Some of the most interesting information gained by the recent census is yet to come, viz., the abstracts relating to the ages, occupations, civil condition and birthplaces of the population, the numbers of the blind and the deaf and dumb, and the extent of the accommodation throughout the country for the purposes of education and religion.—The third article, on Public Baths and Washhouses, is interesting and encouraging. It shews how much may be done by a little outlay, soon repaid, in promoting cleanliness and comfort. The statistics respecting the washhouses are particularly important, shewing how much time and labour are saved, and how the health of households is benefited, by the new mode of conducting, in well-arranged public establishments, the washing of the clothes of artizans and other persons in that class. "The

gain of such a convenience can hardly be overrated. Where there were perhaps but two close rooms, it was unavoidable that at least one day in the week was a day of discomfort and annoyance to the husband, and of still greater discomfort as well as toil to the wife. *Now the husband hardly need know that washing is ever done, except by the result. A couple of hours between the meal times suffices for all ordinary purposes. The great wash is got over in three or four hours once in three or four weeks.*" Who that has known the discomforts of "the dreaded washing-day," so humorously sung by Mrs. Barbauld,—

"— to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort,"—

but must look with almost incredulous and envying wonder on the results brought about by these washing establishments! It is most satisfactory to find that in populous districts they more than pay their current expenses. Like Mechanics' Institutions, they have failed to secure the object for which they were primarily established; they have not altered the filthy habits of the lowest poor, but they have conferred a great boon on the more respectable of the working population.—The fourth article, on the Progress of Administrative and Financial Improvement, is in fact a tribute to the wisdom and political courage of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Amongst the indefensible duties still levied, the writer enumerates those on paper and wine, but particularly those on fire insurance.—After an enumeration of the New Customs' Tariff, there follows a carefully-prepared article on the Industrial and Commercial Prospects of Ireland. The miseries of the country are not concealed, but the writer reaches the conclusion, so different from auguries to which we have hitherto had to listen on this subject, "that the aggregate or balance of the whole points to a future for Ireland brighter than the past, which has puzzled so many wise heads and grieved so many kind hearts."—The "Companion" also contains the usual papers on the Legislature, Statistics, Public Improvements, and Chronicle of 1854. The volume, which has never been surpassed in respect to the sterling character of its contents, closes with a Necrological Table, enumerating seventy-eight names of British and Foreign literary men and artists deceased during the year. Of sixty-seven the age is given, and the average duration of their life is high, being about $64\frac{1}{3}$ years.

The Illustrated London Almanac is issued from the office of the Illustrated London News, and for a shilling gives about ninety wood-cuts of various excellence. Many of the illustrations of biography, views of the homes and haunts of distinguished persons, are excellent. The astronomical portion of this Almanac is full and interesting, and profusely illustrated by wood-cuts. This part of the work is authenticated by the name of Mr. James Glaisher, F.R.S. Of this Almanac, about 80,000 copies are annually sold.

A cheaper pictorial Almanac, published by Mr. John Cassell, is entitled, *The Magazine of Art Almanac*. A large portion of the illustrations relate to military subjects, with which we have little sympathy, and wish the world had none. We turn with pleasure from them to contemplate the admirable wood-cut (p. 11) entitled "The Ford," from a painting by Dujardin. A couple of pages, aided by a spirited pictorial illustration, entitled "The Lamentation of the Slave Mother," are devoted to the horrors of American slavery. At p. 30, we have a good

description, well illustrated, of the "Stirrup Lanthorn," invented in Paris as far back as 1816, but still little known in England. Aided by this, the traveller may ride safely over mountain passes and other dangerous roads, which without its help would be impassable at night.

Another Illustrated Almanac, from the office of the same publisher, is devoted to the service of "*Emigrants*;" and when we consider that about a thousand souls a day are quitting their native land in search of new homes, we may feel satisfaction in thinking that the interests of this important class are watched over and aided by the good sense, practical information and right spirit which characterize this publication.

Amongst local Almanacs, we may specify that for *Lancashire*. A county with a population considerably exceeding two million souls—i.e. nearly one-eighth of the entire population of England and Wales—deserves an Almanac to itself. In this county, the cotton trade has struck deep root during the last fifty years. In 1847, the number of persons employed in the cotton factories of Lancashire was 201,573. Since the introduction of the factory system, the population of the county has more than trebled itself in fifty years, a rate of increase unequalled in any other county. Publications of this kind ought to give all the statistics of local crime. The number of magistrates in this great county is 488, or one magistrate to 4162 persons.

The Communion of the Lord's Supper: its Authority, Significance and Value. By Henry Solly. 12mo. Pp. 36. London—Whitfield.

MR. SOLLY is laudably desirous of aiding in the Communion Reform in our churches, the mainspring of which is Mr. Kenrick's letter, already published in our pages. The pamphlet now before us is calculated to promote this reform, and to set before inquirers the authority, significance and value of the Lord's Supper in a rational and striking manner. He is careful to guard against superstition on the one hand, and indifference on the other,—to answer those objections which are most likely to arise in a church composed of free inquirers and liberal Christians,—and to urge the solemn observance of the rite on various classes of worshippers. While firm in his position, Mr. Solly is respectful and even tender towards those who doubt the authority of, and hesitate conformity to, the Lord's Supper. He does not claim for it "such positive command as alone could have made doubt impossible, and non-observance of it flagrant disobedience." But he does claim for it "the authority of its being the natural and suitable result of Christ's words, of his religion, of his character, of his sufferings, of his wishes, and of his advice. The authority is that of its being a result foreseen, recommended and desired by him, our Redeemer. This is sufficient authority for us. How wonderful that men should ever have demanded more!" (Pp. 14. 15.)

Mr. Solly's earnest and timely tract deserves our strong recommendation, and we freely give it. The following passages will shew its style and spirit:

"Some sincere and attached followers of Jesus, would approve of the service of the Lord's Supper, if only the distribution of bread and wine were omitted. They can see no dignity or significance in the eating and drinking small quantities of these substances, and would retain the prayers, addresses, hymns of the

service, while dismissing that central element in it, round which the whole service has been gathered.

"This state of mind arises from no want of respect or love for the Saviour, but simply from not perceiving that the eating and drinking are symbolical expressions of very important resolutions and feelings, on the part of the Lord's disciples. The meanest and most trifling outward action or object, the instant it is made symbolical, becomes invested with a dignity and significance proportioned to the importance and grandeur of what it symbolizes. To throw a few grains of aromatic powder into a fire, was once a symbolical action, expressive of treason to the Redeemer, to be branded with infamy in this world and the next. To trace the form of the vilest instrument of torture, was once symbolical of loyalty to the Son of God. Brave men and tender women have rightly endured dreadful martyrdom, rather than do the one, and have performed the most heroic acts of self-sacrificing love, animated and sustained by the other. It seems a very trifling matter to make a few marks upon a piece of parchment skin; but if the doing so is signing one's name to a contract, the meaning and consequences of that symbolical action may affect our whole life—nay, our destiny hereafter; it expresses a resolution which we have formed, a promise we have made, and by which therefore we must abide. In itself it is simply a mere sign. But what it signifies, namely, our resolution, may be attended with very momentous consequences, and hence that apparently trivial act of signing one's name becomes invested with solemn meaning.

"It is said that we can resolve to serve Christ, and to accept God's covenant of mercy, without signing our name to the deed in the way which Jesus has suggested; that our resolution is the important part of the matter. True; but if we desired to enter into a contract or covenant by which we hoped to derive great advantages, though our resolution to do so would be the matter of real importance, he would not be wise who despised the formality of putting his name to that covenant; for human memory is apt to be treacherous, and human resolutions are liable to waver. The symbolical act, the signing or making the sign, prevents mistakes or forgetfulness. If God, who requires no such act for Himself, deigned to give us a sign of His covenanted purpose, we think it must be right for weak and fallible beings like ourselves to make the answering sign for our own sakes. The signature does not make the contract binding, but it expresses the promise, the resolution, or the acceptance, which forms the real binding obligation. The act of writing would of course be nothing but for what it symbolizes. Man, indeed, needs every safeguard against those thousand influences which too often make the strongest resolutions and the most solemn contracts like the morning cloud or the early dew. As an outward sign of the holiest resolve, and of entrance into the greatest covenant of which a human being can conceive, this Communion of the Lord's Supper is invested with a dignity and a significance which seem to us sublime."—Pp. 24—26.

Farewell Address, delivered in St. Mark's Chapel, Edinburgh, on Sunday Morning, Sept. 25, 1853. By John Crawford Woods, B.A.

WE regret that Scotland has lost the services of so zealous a Unitarian minister as Mr. Woods. The post of a teacher of liberal Christianity in the midst of fanatically Calvinistic churches, though one of honour, cannot be agreeable to a man of kindly sympathies. The reaction against the prevalent Calvinism will be in the first instance a coarse unbelief. Placed between two such hostile armies, the Unitarian Christian occupies a responsible and dangerous post. We think we see in this discourse signs that the author has received in his Scottish campaign some wounds. We will frankly intimate our opinion that the highest

courage would have been to conceal scars, however honourable the service in which they were won. We find, however, many excellent remarks in this sermon, which quite justify its publication. In illustrating the marked deficiency in Scotland of the higher branches of theological knowledge, Mr. Woods remarks,—

“The late excellent Dr. Chalmers’s want of information on Biblical Criticism (such as is not to be found, I hope, in the humblest member of our societies, and such as would be considered disreputable in any well-educated English Dissenting minister) has been the subject of wonder to the enlightened reviewers of his life, and is particularly apparent in his remarks on scripture in his ‘Daily Readings.’ The consequence of want of attention to this most important branch of study has been, that arguments have been founded on false readings of scripture; and that when these have been refuted by those better informed, their statements have been received with suspicion and incredulity—statements which would at once have been adopted as truths, had they been proclaimed by popular instructors. It is a fact worthy of remark, and most significant also, that the Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University here, is, to say the least, more liberal and latitudinarian in his preaching than any of his less instructed, though it may be more consistent brethren.” P. 6.

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1. *Is Socinianism Christianity? A Letter to J. S. Budgett, Esq.* By Canon Stowell, M.A. 8vo. Pp. 11. London—Nisbet and Co.
 2. *A Letter to Canon Stowell, M.A., in reply to one addressed by him to J. H. Budgett, Esq., entitled, “Is Socinianism Christianity?”* By the Rev. William Gaskell, M.A. 12mo. Pp. 12. Manchester—Johnson and Rawson.

It is satisfactory to find that Canon Stowell feels himself compelled to come forth in print to defend his recent proceedings at Bristol, pricked thereto not so much by the exasperation of those whom he so recklessly assailed, as by the surprise and disapprobation of some of his friends, who he admits have been “startled” by his conduct. The pamphlet does not mend the Canon’s position. In reply to the objection that the Bible Society was an improper occasion for venting his antipathies to Unitarians, he alleges that he is “an outspoken man,” that he means what he says, and says what he means. That the Canon is sufficiently outspoken, is undeniable; that he meant to be coarsely insulting, is not improbable; and that he succeeded in expressing his meaning, we do not for a moment doubt. But this does not mend his case. The question is not Mr. Stowell’s sincerity, but his good manners, his accuracy and his charity. According to his own statements, that he is unable to fraternize with Unitarians, that he can hold no fellowship with them as Christians, he had no right to join a meeting of the Bible Society, which recognizes the equal claims of all its members to fellowship and fraternal action. At a meeting of the Trinitarian Bible Society, Mr. Stowell’s speech would have been sufficiently in place. In defence of the refusal to give Mr. James a hearing, Mr. Stowell takes up the shabby plea that, not being a member, Mr. J. had no claim to be heard, and that the invitation to him had been sent by mistake. We presume that Canon Stowell is not ignorant of the fact that ministers of religion are not unfrequently invited to take part at the meetings of societies to which they do not actually subscribe.

It is amusing to find Mr. Stowell complaining that Socinians have

made, in Manchester and elsewhere, his reviling of them the "stalking-horse to force their sentiments into notoriety." Being defamed, Unitarians entreat from their fellow-christians a candid audience, and although it was denied at the Broadmead rooms in Bristol, it is conceded elsewhere.

But we need waste no more of our time or space in noticing this feeble yet bitter performance. The statements of "orthodox" doctrine put forth in it are the least guarded we have ever read; they breathe equally the spirit of paradox and uncharitableness which characterizes his favourite creed, the Athanasian.

Mr. Stowell has provoked a critic in Mr. Gaskell, who, while calm in temper and abundantly respectful in manner, will unmistakeably exhibit his opponent's inaccuracy of statement, inconclusiveness of reasoning and narrow spirit. We give one sample of the mode in which he meets Mr. Stowell.

"Let me show you briefly how you really treat the question between us. I profess myself a Christian. You deny that I am. I claim to know why. You answer, Because the doctrines you hold are not 'distinctively Christian.' I tell you that I have gone to our common Master with as sincere a desire to learn of him as you can have, and, it may be, freer from some influences that might have biased my judgment; and I ask, how you determine that *he* has not taught me *his* doctrines, which, I presume, you will admit to be 'distinctively Christian.' I naturally expect that you will give me something in the shape of proof; and what do you do? Why, lo and behold! you simply set about showing me, what I knew well before, that the doctrines which you hold to be 'distinctively Christian' are not those which I hold to be such. Your argument (if argument it can be called) need not have occupied nearly so much space. It might have been compressed into a single line—'You do not believe as I do, therefore you are no Christian.' Unitarians are frequently charged with 'pride of reason,' but I humbly conceive they never carry it to such an extent as this; and you must forgive me if, in this connection, I cannot keep those lines of fine-spirited old George Wither from rising to my mind:

Then those great Masters I presumptuous deem,
That of their knowledge do so well esteem,
They will force others, as the Papists do,
For to allow of their opinions too;
Yea, though it be a mere imagination,
That neither hath good ground nor just foundation."—Pp. 10, 11.

Mr. Gaskell has followed up his Letter with a second, in which he discusses with Mr. Stowell his idea of the doctrines which are "distinctively Christian." His arguments are stated with admirable precision, and very aptly illustrated by references to passages written by eminent Churchmen. In little more than twenty small pages, Mr. Gaskell has neatly packed as much theological matter as with one or two of our old controversial writers would have filled a not small volume.

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1. *A Letter to the Members of Congregational Churches in Manchester and Salford.* By a Manchester Congregationalist.
 2. *A Letter to the Author of the Pamphlet entitled "Congregational Reform," &c.* By P. Q. R., another Manchester Congregationalist.

THESE two pamphlets, which greeted the members of the Congregational Union at their recent autumnal gathering held in Manchester,

give indications of the spirit of inquiry and the desire of reform now actuating the Congregationalists of England, the foremost and most active of our Dissenters. The author of the first pamphlet states, that a complete revolution in Independency, or its certain dismemberment, is at hand (p. 3),—a statement fully confirmed by his commentator. He complains that their ministers habitually violate the Independency which is the first principle of their churches.

“He (the Congregationalist minister) assumes a sanctity, a reserve, an official *hauteur*, which effectually serve the purpose of isolation, and *imply* supremacy in some sense” (p. 5). Deep dissatisfaction is expressed at the ministerial services.

“Who has not witnessed the easy self-complacency of many a minister, who, from the moment of ascending the pulpit stairs to the moment of descent, has gone through the form of worship and the usual homily as if all were a piece of ordinary secular business? I have heard multitudes of prayers and sermons which never cost five minutes’ preparatory labour.”

The writer of No. 2 speaks out not less distinctly :

“Our religious services are unmeaning from their sheer lack of life. * * The Lord’s Supper is often a weariness, and yet it ought to be a source of life and strength. Prayer meetings are attended by few but those who go there, either from long habit or from a dread lest absence should indicate declension in religion.” * *

“The usual style of sermons is, to say the least, not above mediocrity. There is a constant iteration of the same things in the same language, till it falls on men’s ears as a tale that is too often told. *There is a want of all that is human in it. It has little sympathy or connection with the every-day wants and necessities of men. The Sunday services do not call up in review men’s daily buying and selling and getting of gain, and inquire of each, How hast thou served thy Master in this and that act of the week?* * * How comes it that the young men of our body distinguished for culture and attainment, desert our ranks, failing to obtain the satisfaction they seek? Why do so many go to the Unitarians? * * There are many of them who search for knowledge as for hid treasure, and which of our ministers meet their requirements?”

Further on, he says still more boldly,—

“The theology which we have connected with Congregationalism, and which is but a *human system*, has been suffered to usurp the place of true piety. We consider ‘soundness in the faith’ to mean agreement with our forms of belief, and not what it really does mean, the right affection of the heart towards God. This will be denied. It is nevertheless true. * * I have nothing now to say either for or against our usually received theology, but I complain of its being made to occupy a place of undue importance. Rather let us see men led to cherish the disposition of the humble, inquiring spirit, ready to receive what God saith, than taught to adopt that Calvinism which I may believe to be true.”

Remarks like these, coming from the laity of an “orthodox” church, indicate that great changes are at hand, and that there is a prospect of a technical and lifeless orthodoxy being supplanted by a true and fervent spirit of religion. Surely this is not the time for those who have a practical and lifelike theology to be silent or lukewarm!

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1. *The Pilgrim Fathers; or the Founders of New England in the Reign of James the First.* By W. H. Bartlett, Author of *Forty Days in the Desert*. With Illustrations. London—Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co. 1853.

2. *An Account of the Pilgrim Celebration at Plymouth, August 1, 1853, &c.* Revised by the Pilgrim Society. Boston, U.S.—Crosby, Nichols and Co. 1853.

THE beautiful work which we first name is published opportunely, and is an appropriate commemoration of the two hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the landing of the righteous and fearless Pilgrims on the rock of Plymouth. So much light has during the last few years been thrown on the history of this remarkable band of men and women, by the labours of the American, Young, in his *Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers*, and by our own countryman, Mr. Hunter, in his tract entitled, “*The First Colonists of New England*,” that the time had arrived for a new compilation of the facts of the interesting story. Mr. Bartlett has executed his work with industry and taste. He records in a very pleasant manner the sufferings of the Pilgrims in England, their life in Holland, and their voyage across the Atlantic, and the chief events that immediately followed. The publishers have done their part well also, having illustrated the volume with a series of very beautiful, though not elaborate engravings. The work is one of the most attractive books of the season, and will, we venture to foretel, be found adorning, as a New-year’s gift, many drawing-room tables. In a future No. we may return to the subject, and give some extracts from Mr. Bartlett’s book.

The second work which we have named shews how undying is the national enthusiasm towards the Pilgrim Fathers. But we cannot help thinking that the *annual* celebration is too often. A quinquennial or decennial celebration would answer every purpose, and the simple facts of the story would then suffice to awaken the patriotism of the sons of the Pilgrims. We observe, both in the toasts and speeches, a striving after effect, and the introduction of topics not very congenial with the occasion,—the not unnatural consequences of a too frequent recurrence of the subject before the public of America. We can scarcely find words to express the distaste with which we observe the introduction on this occasion of the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the relations of the Northern and Southern States. The foul blot of Slavery should not have been intruded on the eye in connection with the memory of the noble band of Puritans who dared the horrors of the ocean and the wilderness, rather than submit to any form of tyranny or oppression.

The Teachers’ Journal of Sunday-School Education. Published by the Manchester District Sunday-School Association. No. I. London—E. T. Whitfield.

THIS is a new periodical candidate for public favour; and if all the future numbers are as practical, religious and right-minded as this, we do not doubt of its success. We only hope it will not in any of our schools be allowed to interfere with the *Sunday-School Magazine*, conducted by Rev. John Wright, of Bury, which is of tried excellence and value.

INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN INTELLIGENCE.

The following plain-speaking address of a portion of the Unitarian ministers in the States, is entitled to the serious consideration of our congregations on both sides of the Atlantic. We scarcely expect that the example of a *strike* will be followed by the English ministers; not that their position does not render such a step somewhat desirable, but that by their habits and taste they will rather suffer in dignified silence, than allow themselves to plead the money value of the services which they render from pure, disinterested and ill-rewarded zeal. Surely, however, our congregations will some day awake to a sense of their duty to their ministers, and make the salaries such as will enable them to live, without resorting to school-keeping or book-making to eke out a too scanty income.

An Address to the Unitarian Parishes without settled Ministers.

At a meeting in Boston of Unitarian ministers at present without parishes, called to consider the subject of pecuniary compensation for Sabbath services, it was unanimously agreed that the ordinary rates of compensation are totally inadequate to the support of the minister and his family, and that the time has arrived when this fact should be made known to the parishes, in order that they may understand the embarrassments incident to the position, and see that just returns shall be rendered to those who serve them. And we feel confident that a simple statement of facts will bring about the desired result.

These facts we now present for your consideration, adding the conditions of service which seem to us just and necessary, in order to our usefulness and proper support.

In the first place, we are confident that *most* parishes are abundantly able to render a larger return for Sabbath services than they now do. And we maintain that the principle with them should be, not to reduce the compensation of the minister to the smallest possible amount, but that it should be as large and generous as they can reasonably afford; and we believe that this duty will be apparent and acknowledged by all who give it a consideration.

In the second place, we feel that so

long as parishes desire and call for the services of the minister, they should give him a worthy return, and that he deserves it at their hands, since he, on his part, has given years of his time, and has often made honourable sacrifices, for the purpose of preparing for the duties of his profession; since he requires an annual outlay to replenish his mental stock, in the necessary purchase of books, and in the moderate indulgence of those tastes which help to make up his intellectual and spiritual culture; since he should not only exhort others to deeds of charity, but should be enabled himself to share in those deeds; since he is often labouring not only for his own livelihood, but for the maintenance of a family. In view of these circumstances, we are convinced that parishes should not limit themselves to a compensation which in times of a more valuable currency was small, but at the present time of increased expense in living is utterly inadequate to a comfortable support, but that they should voluntarily yield the best pecuniary return to the minister that they possibly can.

In the third place, we have reason to apprehend that the present low rates of compensation present inducements for parishes to remain willingly, month after month and year after year, without a regularly settled ministry, simply because, in doing thus, they may reduce their annual expenses very considerably; while, at the same time, the inevitable and painful results are, that the religious interests and prosperity of the parish decline, the numbers often decrease, and the cause of Christ suffers essentially by the absence of a constant watchman and counsellor and friend.

Therefore, regarding this subject as one not only of great personal interest, but also as it concerns the interests of our Unitarian parishes, we make this appeal, feeling it to be our duty to move in the matter; since, from thoughtlessness, or ignorance of facts, or other reasons, no movement has been made on the part of parishes. Nor do we doubt that this action will meet with your sympathy and approval. And that this expression of our sentiments may lead directly to some practical results, we hereby present our plan, and offer our services hereafter upon the following conditions:

Those societies paying a salary from 500 to 800 dollars per annum, will be expected to allow 12 dollars per Sunday, with the expenses.

Those societies paying a salary from 800 to 1000 dollars per annum, will be expected to allow 15 dollars per Sunday, with expenses.

Those societies paying a salary from 1200 to 1500 dollars per annum, will be expected to allow 20 dollars per Sunday, with expenses.

Those societies paying a salary from 1500 to 2000 dollars per annum, will be expected to allow 25 dollars per Sunday, with expenses.

By "expenses" will be understood the travelling expenses from Boston, as a starting point, to the place of destination, including the entertainment for the minister from Saturday to Monday. But this rate of compensation has no reference to a longer engagement than one Sabbath.

We may add to this the suggestion that, as it is very common for settled ministers to obtain a supply from unsettled ministers, we deem it but *just* that the compensation for that supply shall be the same as in the case of vacant parishes.

Respectfully submitted by the committee, and *unanimously* adopted by the meeting.

Boston, Nov. 1st, 1853.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL FESTIVITIES.

Christmas brings its festivities to most English circles; to none can they be more deservedly brought than to those who, week after week and month after month, labour to instruct the children of the poor. So thought the members of the congregation worshipping in the Old Chapel, Dukinfield. The Sunday-schools are here in a very flourishing state, containing about 500 scholars and 80 teachers. The ladies of the congregation resolved this year to raise and decorate a Christmas-tree in honour of the teachers. This pleasant form of social kindness, imported from Germany, has already taken root and borne good fruit in this England of ours. Friday, Dec. 23, was the appointed evening. At an early hour the teachers and very many of the congregation (the whole about 400) assembled for tea in the lower school-rooms. Usually, on the occasion of tea-parties in these rooms, the teachers are the busiest in waiting on the guests and promoting their comfort. On this occa-

sion they were treated as guests from first to last. The ladies of the congregation and their servants made all the preparations and presided at the several tables, which were covered with all the delicacies that are usually found at a meal uniting something of dinner with tea. The hospitable meal enjoyed and ended, the guests and their friends adjourned to the large room above. Here the walls were decorated with verdant and floral emblems and garlands, and by the portrait of an old friend of the school, Mr. Joshua Whitaker, just painted, as a testimonial of respect, at the cost of his friends in the village. But the principal object of attraction was a crimson curtain, hanging from the ceiling to the floor, concealing some large and mysterious object. Fair forms of elegantly-dressed ladies were seen every now and then to glide behind or emerge from this mysterious veil. The interval, now and afterwards, was relieved by music (a piano) and by glees, sung both by the chapel choir and by a band of amateur singers of German glees. At length, the room being well filled by the invited guests, at a given signal the curtain fell, and revealed a large fir-tree covered with a hundred burning tapers, and decorated with fruit of many kinds, some unknown to horticulturists, and by flags, bannerets, birds, and ornaments too numerous to be mentioned. At the foot of the tree, on a bed of beautiful moss, a hare sat, in its form looking very life-like, and on the topmost branches sat the "bird of wisdom." The brilliant appearance of the tree, after a moment's pause of happy surprise, extorted a hearty and prolonged cheer. At the same moment a number of tables, arranged on either side of the tree, were uncovered, and were seen to be strewn with a profusion of articles of taste and utility, the variety of which, combined with the suitableness of all to the object in view, was greatly admired. Here was a large pile of books, some of them handsomely bound—there, wax flowers, as beautiful as if they had been gathered from the garden in the height of summer, articles of elegant dress, work-boxes and baskets, writing cases and desks, knives, pencils, pen-cases, purses, engravings framed by some young ladies, and imitating with delicate art oak carving, cushions embroidered, a carpet bag, &c. &c. Amongst the books were Nichols's *Architecture of the Heavens*, Tennyson's *Poems*, Bartlett's *Pilgrim*

Fathers, Memoir of Rev. R. Aspland, Higginson's Spirit of the Bible, Life of Col. Hutchinson, Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, the Poems of Milton, Young, Cowper, Montgomery and Bowring, the Works of Washington Irving, Blair's Lectures and Brown's Concordance. The distribution of the presents was conducted by Rev. R. B. Aspland, assisted by Mr. Abel Harrison and three of the young ladies who had taken the most active part in getting up this pleasant festivity. Each present had the name of its recipient on a coloured card, with an inscription, "A Flower from the Christmas Tree in the Dukinfield School-room, December 23, 1853, presented to —." As each was named, the minister addressed an appropriate word or two, and explained the nature and merits of the gift.

The presentations were diversified by refreshments and by music, and were continued for nearly three hours. Amongst the more pleasing features of the evening were gifts to and from the absent. To a former teacher, now residing at Melbourne, books were appropriated, and to two ladies, now residing in Worcestershire (from whom a box of contributions to the tree had been received) some elegant gifts were assigned. To several of the lady teachers

gifts were presented, the offerings of gratitude from their several classes. When the presentations were brought to a close, Messrs. John Whittaker and Samuel Broadrick, two of the directors of the school, rose, and in warm terms expressed the grateful sense of the teachers to the ladies of the congregation, and dwelt with pleasure on the strong and increasing bonds of union between the schools and the congregation by whose liberality they were so well supported. Thanks were given with great cordiality to the singers, the decorators of the room, and, on the motion of Mr. Abel Harrison (the donor of the tree), to the minister. The centre of the room was then cleared of the forms, and dancing began, which was carried on for about an hour. All ranks mingled pleasantly in the dance. The whole proceedings lasted six hours, and although the excitement of the festive scene often ran high, not a rude word was spoken, not an unseemly act committed; but young and old, rich and poor, vied with one another in promoting the gratification and cheerfulness of all. Such scenes refine the taste of the less educated, promote mutual confidence and good-will, and encourage hopefully those who are labouring in the work of Sunday-school education.

OBITUARY.

ANDREWS NORTON.

[From a very full and able biographical sketch of this distinguished man in the American *Christian Examiner* for November, we select the following paragraphs.]

The name of Andrews Norton has long been familiar to our readers, as that of one of the ablest theologians and most accomplished critics of our time; standing, in his department of service, at the head of the Unitarian movement in this country. His memory will be ever admiringly cherished by those who sympathized with him in his religious views, and who knew him in the fulness of his fine powers, as it will be honoured by all who are ready to do homage to a true man, wherever he may be found; by all who in a generous spirit can reverence sincere piety and virtue, rich genius and learning, patient industry and independent thought, consecrated to the highest aims, in whatever quarter of the Christian camp their light may shine.

Mr. Norton was a native of Hingham, Massachusetts. He was a direct descendant of Rev. John Norton, of Hingham, who was a nephew of the celebrated John Norton, minister of Ipswich, and afterwards of Boston. His father, Samuel Norton, was a well-known and much-respected citizen of that place, often employed in its public trusts, whose agreeable conversation and manners are spoken of by those who remember him. He was educated in the tenets of Calvinism, but as he grew older, the views which it presents of the character and government of God were so revolting to him, that for a time he was almost driven into utter unbelief, until, under the light of truer and brighter views, he found faith and peace. He was a man of great devoutness of mind, delighting to see and to speak of the Creator's wisdom and love in all his works. He died in 1832, at the advanced age of eighty-eight. He married Miss Jane Andrews, of Hingham, a sister of Rev. Dr. Andrews, for so many years the minister of New-

buryport. Another of her brothers died from a wound received at the battle of Brandywine. She lived to the age of eighty-five, and died in 1840.

Andrews Norton, the youngest child of his parents, was born December 31, 1786. From childhood he was remarkable for his love of books and his proficiency in his studies. Having completed his preparatory course at the Derby Academy, in Hingham, in 1801 he entered the Sophomore class in Harvard College, and was distinguished throughout his academical career for his high scholarship and correct deportment. He graduated in 1804, the youngest of his class, at the age of eighteen. The natural seriousness and religious tone of his mind determined him at once in the choice of his profession, and led him, on leaving college, to commence his preparation for the ministry. He became a resident graduate at Cambridge, but not being in haste to preach, he quietly pursued a course of literary and theological study, and laid the foundation of that high mental culture and large erudition which afterwards distinguished him. In this scholastic, but not idle nor fruitless retirement, he continued for a few years, residing partly at Cambridge, partly at his father's house in Hingham, until, in October 1809, after preaching for a few weeks in Augusta, Maine, he accepted the office of Tutor in Bowdoin College. Here he remained a year, and some of the friendships which he then formed lasted through life. After this he returned to Cambridge, which henceforward became his fixed and chosen residence. In 1811, he was elected Tutor in Mathematics in Harvard College, but resigned his office at the close of the year. Mr. Norton had now reached that point in his career at which the rich fruits of genius and scholarship, that had been so long ripening in the shade, were to be brought before the public eye, and to receive their due appreciation. It will be remembered that his entrance on his theological studies was nearly coincident with the breaking out of the controversy between the *orthodox* and *liberal* parties in theology, occasioned by the election, in 1805, of Rev. Dr. Ware, then minister of Hingham, to the Hollis Professorship. Without going into the history of that controversy, it is sufficient to say, that it was amidst the strong and constantly increasing excitement which it produced,

that Mr. Norton's early manhood was passed. The atmosphere of the times and the character of his associates contributed, no doubt, to strengthen the decided bent of his mind towards the theological and metaphysical questions which formed the subjects of discussion of the day. In the society of such men as Buckminster, Thacher, Channing, Eliot, Frisbie, Farrar, Kirkland, and others of kindred opinions and spirit, his attachment to the principles of the liberal school must have received added impulse and strength. In 1812, he undertook the publication of "The General Repository," a work "in which," to use his own words, "the tone of opposition to the prevailing doctrines of orthodoxy was more explicit, decided and fundamental, than had been common among us." Its straightforward boldness in the expression of opinions which then seemed new and heretical, while it was admired and approved by some, startled others, even of the liberal party, who thought that the time for it was not yet ripe. It was conducted with signal ability, but after the second year was discontinued for want of support. It was too bold, and probably somewhat too learned, to win general favour. But it did its work and left its mark. In 1813, he was appointed Librarian of the College. He discharged the duties of his new office with his accustomed fidelity and judgment, and under his direction much was done during his eight years' service towards improving the condition of the library, then in many points, as in some now, lamentably deficient. He relinquished the charge of it in 1821, but he always retained a warm interest in its welfare, and was a generous contributor to it through life. In 1813, the same year in which he became Librarian, he was also chosen Lecturer on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation, under the bequest of Hon. Samuel Dexter. The revered names of Buckminster and Channing stand associated with his, as his predecessors elect in this office. Eminent as they were, it is not too much to say, that their successor did not fall below even their mark; that in a peculiar fitness for the place, he was in some respects before them; and that he carried out what they had only begun or hoped to begin. Mr. Norton preached occasionally in the pulpits of Boston and the neighbourhood, and, though he lacked the popular gifts of a public speaker, his services were

held in acceptance by those who were best able to appreciate his true merits. At one time during the vacancy at the New South, previous to the election of Mr. Thacher, many of the members of that Society, as we have been informed, would have been glad to invite Mr. Norton to become their pastor. His lectures in Cambridge on subjects of Biblical Criticism were greatly admired, and there were persons who went from the city to hear them, whenever they were delivered.

In 1819, upon the organization of the Divinity School and the establishment of the Dexter Professorship of Sacred Literature, Mr. Norton was chosen by the Corporation to fill that office. He was inaugurated on the 10th of August, 1819; and the discourse which he delivered on that occasion, re-published by him in his recent volume of "Tracts on Christianity," ought to be in the hands of every student of theology. He held his office till his resignation in 1830; "bringing to it"—to use the words of one of his associates in the Divinity School, still living and honoured among us—"his large and ever-increasing stores of knowledge; imparting it in the clearest manner; never dogmatizing, in an ill sense of the word; but, on the contrary, fortifying his doctrines, solemnly and deliberately established in his own mind, with all the arguments and proofs that his critical studies and logical power could furnish." In 1821, he was married to Miss Catherine Eliot, daughter of Samuel Eliot, Esq., a wealthy and highly-respected merchant of Boston, and a munificent benefactor of the College, whose son, Charles Eliot, a young man of rare promise, early cut off, had been Mr. Norton's intimate coadjutor and friend. It is sufficient to say that in this union he found all the happiness which earth has to give, and all that the truest sympathy and love can bestow. In 1822, he was bereaved of another of the dear friends whose society had been among the choicest blessings of his life,—the highly-gifted and pure-minded Frisbie. He delivered an address before the University at his interment, and the following year published a collection of his literary remains, with a short memoir. In the discussions which took place in 1824-25, respecting the condition and wants of the College, and the relation between the Corporation and the Immediate Government, he took a prominent part both with voice and pen. In 1824, he published his "Remarks on

a Report of a Committee of the Board of Overseers," proposing certain changes in the instruction and discipline of the College. In February, 1825, he appeared before the Board of Overseers in behalf of the memorial of the Resident Instructors, relative to "the mode in which, according to the charter of the institution, the Corporation of the same ought of right to be constituted." Professor, now Hon. Edward Everett, spoke in the morning, and Mr. Norton in the afternoon and evening, in support of the memorial. Mr. Norton's speech was afterwards published. His admiration of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans induced him, in 1826, to undertake the collection and re-publication of her works in this country, in a style suited to his estimation of their merits; and in an article in the *Examiner* during that year, followed by other articles on the same subject at different times, he laboured to impress on the public mind his own sense of their richness and beauty. The following year (1827), partly for the benefit of his health, partly for the enjoyment of the tour, he went to England. He enjoyed so much during this visit, and formed so many pleasant acquaintances, especially with those whom he had long admired in their writings (Mrs. Hemans and Miss Edgeworth among others), that, in a career so quiet as his for the most part was, it took its place among the most interesting recollections of his life. After the resignation of his Professorship, in 1830, he continued to devote himself to literary and theological pursuits. At the earnest solicitation of a friend (Rev. Wm. Ware, we believe), urging the re-publication of his article on "Stuart's Letters to Channing," he undertook to revise and enlarge it; and the result of his labours—a new work in fact, the most able, thorough and learned refutation of the Trinitarian doctrine that has yet appeared—was given to the press in 1833, under the title of "A Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians concerning the Nature of God and the Person of Christ." In 1833-34, he edited, in connection with his friend, Charles Folsom, Esq., "The Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature," a quarterly publication, the plan and object of which are to some extent indicated by the title. It contained also remarks and criticisms by the editors, and some longer articles by Mr. Norton. In 1837, he published the first volume of his elaborate work on

the "Genuineness of the Gospels." In 1839, at the invitation of the Alumni of the Divinity School, he delivered the annual discourse before them, afterwards published, "On the Latest Form of Infidelity." Those who remember him as he appeared on that occasion, speaking to many of them for the last time, will not soon forget the impressions of that day, deepened by the evident feebleness of his health, by his slow, impressive utterance, and the "sweetly solemn" tones of that well-known voice, speaking out with slightly tremulous earnestness the deep convictions of a truth-loving, Christ-loving man, as with eagle eye he saw danger in the distance, where others saw only an angel of light, and with a prophet's earnestness sounded the alarm. The publication of Mr. Norton's discourse led to a controversy, in which he further illustrated and defended the views which he had expressed respecting the "Modern German School of Infidelity."

In 1844 appeared the second and third volumes of his work on the "Genuineness of the Gospels," completing the important and laborious investigation, which had occupied him for so many years, of the historical evidence on this subject. With the exception of his volume of "Tracts on Christianity," printed in 1852, composed chiefly of the larger essays and discourses which had before appeared in a separate form, this was his last published book.

Mr. Norton's life, certainly the most prominent portion of it, moved through sunshine. Clouded as it was by occasional bereavement, the common lot, and by the infirm health of his latter days, it was yet, in other respects, a singularly happy one. He was surrounded with every earthly blessing. He had within his reach all that can feed the intellect or gratify the taste. He had leisure and opportunity for his chosen work. And all around him was an atmosphere of purity and peace. His strong and tender affections bloomed fresh and green to the last, in the sunny light of a Christian home. He loved and was loved, where to love and to be loved is a man's joy and crown. He had both the means and the heart to do good. And so, in tranquil labour, in calm reflection, in grave discussion of high themes, or in the play of cheerful conversation, amid the books and the friends he loved, "faded his late declining years away." His strength had been for a long time very gradually failing, as by the decay of a premature

old age. In the autumn of 1849, it was suddenly prostrated by a severe illness, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. By the advice of his physician, he passed the following summer at Newport, with such great and decided benefit to his health from the change of air, that it was resolved to make it in future his summer residence. From the beginning of the last season, however, it was evident that his strength was declining, and that the bracing sea-breeze had lost its power to restore it. He became more and more feeble, till, at the close of the summer, he was unable to leave his room; but his mind remained strong and unclouded almost to the last. He was fully aware that the end drew nigh. And he met death, as we should expect that he above most men would meet it, with all a Christian's firmness, tranquilly, trustingly, with a hope full of immortality, reposing on the bosom of the Father. His patience, serenity, gentleness, his calm faith in God, the heavenliness of his spirit, the sweetness of his smile, illumined and sanctified the house of death. He gradually sunk away, till on Sunday evening, Sept. 18, the quivering flame of life went out, and the shining light within ascended to the Father of lights.

The life of Mr. Norton was that of a diligent student and thinker, doing his work in the still air of the library, and withdrawn from the stir and rush of the great world, yet not indifferent to its movements, nor unconcerned in its welfare. He mingled little in political affairs, though in them, as in everything else, he had his own distinct judgment and decided action, when the time called. He took no prominent part in the moral reforms of the day. A lover of his country, a lover of his kind, he expressed his patriotism and his philanthropy in quiet, individual ways. Whatever he did for others, there was no sounding of a trumpet before him. He went little into general society. He had enough, as we have seen, to occupy his time and his thoughts, without going out of his little world into the larger.

He was never idle; but he chose to labour in his own way, apart from the crowd. He knew that he should labour more happily and more usefully so. He kept aloof from public excitements. He had no taste for public meetings. He had not the showy, popular gifts which fit a man for the speeches of the platform; nor the impulsive social

temperament which throws itself into the boiling current of the times. He was, both by nature and on principle, disinclined to enter into the associated movements of denominational warfare. He objected to the Unitarian name. He did not favour the formation of the Unitarian Association. On this point he differed decidedly, but quietly and amicably, from the majority of his brethren. No man prized the truths of liberal Christianity more highly than he, or held them with a firmer grasp; but he believed that they would make their way more surely, and in the end more rapidly, with less irritating friction against the popular modes of faith, and with less peril, both from without and from within, if left to the quiet channels of individual speech and individual effort. He therefore studiously kept aloof from any distinct, formal organization, even for the maintenance and diffusion of doctrines dearer to him than life.

That which we think would be first and above all remembered by those who had the happiness to enjoy his friendship and to listen to his wise discourse, whether in the lecture-room or in his delightful home, was the peculiar devoutness of his spirit,—the profoundly religious tone of thought and of sentiment which seemed to form the atmosphere in which he lived,—the unformal, unostentatious, but deep piety, so perfectly sincere and unaffected, that made his presence like the air of a temple,—the ever-present sense of those higher relations in which we stand to God and to eternity, springing naturally out of that strong faith in Christ and in his truth which had struck down its roots into his whole being. Purity of heart, singleness of purpose, devotion to duty, integrity of dealing, perfect openness and honourableness in all the affairs of life, marked his whole career. Truth—truth in thought, truth in speech, truth in manner, truth in conduct—shone through his life. He especially honoured it in others; it made a vital part of his own being. All shams and falsehoods, all equivocations and manoeuvring, all forms of cant and hypocrisy, and all affectations of every kind, were therefore peculiarly offensive to his sincere and upright spirit.

A most pure and gifted spirit has gone from us to join the host that "have crossed the flood." He has ascended from the study of God's word and works in this lower world, where, with all his knowledge, he could know

but in part, to the study of God's word and works in that more glorious sphere, where, with Buckminster and Eliot, he will know even as he is known.

October 16, SARAH, eldest surviving daughter of Mr. Frederic COOPER, of Chichester. This amiable young person, from whose gentle disposition and religious turn of mind her parents fondly hoped to have much pleasure for many years, it pleased Divine Providence to take from them at the interesting age of seventeen, after a painful and lingering illness; under which her Christian fortitude and firm reliance on the Divine wisdom and goodness sustained her, enabling her to exhibit to her surrounding friends a beautiful example of the purest resignation. Young as she was, she had for some time been, when health permitted, an attendant at her Lord's appointed ordinance. Her religious views were strictly Unitarian, and the comfortable efficacy of this creed in the prospect of death was never more displayed than in this instance. Her funeral sermon was preached on the following Sunday by the Rev. J. Fulagar, who considered death, as described by our Lord, under the pleasing emblem of sleep, taking for his text the remark of Jesus, preserved by three of the Evangelists, in regard to the ruler's daughter—"The maid is not dead, but sleepeth;" from which, without entering on the question of the present state of those removed, several consolatory and practical reflections were offered; but if the idea of the amiable Dr. Doddridge is allowable, the parents in this case may apply it to their lamented child:

"Thy saints in earlier life remov'd,

In sweeter accents sing,

And bless the swiftness of their flight,

Which bore them to their King."

Oct. 29, at Marshfield, Gloucestershire, EMILY, third daughter of the late Joseph T. WOODWARD, aged 46, after a long illness borne with exemplary resignation and patience. Her mortal remains repose in the cemetery of the chapel endowed by the pious care of ancestors more than a century ago, and in which from infancy she humbly and faithfully worshiped her Almighty Father.

Nov. 18, at the house of her son-in-law, Mr. John Coates, Seedley Terrace, Manchester, aged 75, RACHEL, relict of

the late Joseph HEALD, Esq., of Wakefield, formerly of London. On the death of her unmarried daughter in July, 1852, Mrs. Heald had removed from her circle of intimate and attached friends at Wakefield, in order to reside near her children and grandchildren in the neighbourhood of Manchester. Exempt from all the infirmities of age (except rheumatism and resulting lameness), and blest with a cheerful, active mind and kindest social feelings, her friends did not look upon her as in the decline of life, till an attack of jaundice left her strength prostrate beyond recovery, when, with firm heart and true Christian faith, she read at once and welcomed her coming change. It came in perfect peace. Her remains were interred in the Westgate chapel-yard, Wakefield, with those of her husband. Her memory is dear to all who frequent the house where they and theirs were so long known as earnest worshippers.

November 26, at Wareham, aged 48, J. WILLIAM SQUIRE, Manager of the National Provincial Bank. He was remarkable for the clearness and accuracy of his knowledge of all matters connected with his profession, for his strict and inflexible integrity, for the prompt as well as faithful attention given by him to the duties of his responsible situation. In religion a Unitarian Christian, in politics a Liberal,—conscientious, firm and consistent in the advocacy and maintenance of his principles. To his bereaved family his loss is irreparable. Deeply also is it regretted by many who differed widely from him both in politics and religion.

Dec. 5, at Honiton, in the 87th year of his age, Mr. W. MURCH. It can scarcely be said that private affection alone requires some notice of this much-respected man in his favourite Magazine. Enough, it is true, to justify such notice might be found in a long life marked by arduous struggles with difficulties, by unbending rectitude, by uniform cheerfulness and by manly piety. But there are circumstances connected with his public character which, while they lead his family and friends to cherish his memory with more than common regard, may induce some who are beyond their circle to improve the talents committed to their care.

It was Mr. Murch's lot in early life, though belonging to an old family of liberal Nonconformists long settled at

Honiton, to find that without great efforts the cause which they loved could not be upheld. In conjunction, therefore, with a very few, he founded the little chapel in which the Unitarian congregation of that town now assemble, and, according to his means, steadily and zealously supported its interests through a large part of a century. During the illness or absence of the stated minister, it often devolved upon him to conduct the services, which, whatever might be their intrinsic merit, derived no little value from the earnest, truthful character of the reader. Nor should it fail to be recorded here that Mr. Murch was one of the few who, more than sixty years ago, met at a country house in an obscure district to take measures for forming the Western Unitarian Society. No provincial association of the kind then existed; and all who are aware of the spirit which prevailed throughout England in 1792,—the spirit which kindled the fires of Birmingham and exiled Priestley to a distant land, can form some idea of the courage and self-forgetfulness which such an undertaking required.

The subject of this notice, in common with other men, like-minded, of the same period, suffered for his principles. His worldly interests were obscured, and for a time at least no small amount of social persecution fell to his lot. Yet was there never aught that was uncountenanced towards a religious or political opponent; on the contrary, a generous forbearance, and a desire to overcome evil with good. If anger were at any time felt, it was when corruption pervaded all classes at the parliamentary elections in his native town; for he saw that thus both rich and poor were permanently degraded. In this respect, as well as many others, he lived to see, though not so great an improvement as he could have wished, yet a considerable diminution of bad influences. Afflicted with paralysis during the last thirty-two years, he was withdrawn from the more active scenes of life. The blessing, however, to him beyond all price, of being able to study the Scriptures and attend public worship, was still spared to him. These, with family companionship, formed his chief delight through all those long and quiet years. The days of his appointed time he waited patiently till his change came, and few have been better able to say at last with the gifted apostle, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course."